

LIFE REVIEW'D: 36

A  
P O E M;

FOUNDED ON REFLECTIONS UPON THE  
SILENT INHABITANTS OF THE

CHURCH-YARD of TRURO,

I N T H E

COUNTY of CORNWALL.

W I T H

A N E L O G Y

O N T H E L A T E

Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,

Who was many Years Curate of that Borough.

T O W H I C H A R E A D D E D,

The Lord's Prayer, Creed,

A N D

TEN COMMANDMENTS,

P A R A P H R A S E D ; &c.

---

By E. S M I T H. K

---

The clearest View of Life that Mortals have,  
Is taken near some honourable Grave :  
Then let's not fail its estimate to make,  
Before the final Trumpet sounds—Awake !

---

E X E T E R :

PRINTED, for the AUTHOR, by B. THORN and SON,

M D C C L X X I.

LIFE REVIEWED:

P. O. R. M.

THESE ARE THE DIRECTIONS UPON THE  
LIFE REVIEWED OF THE

CHURCHWARD OF TUNRO

COUNTY OF CORNWALL

A. M. O. G. Y.

ROY. MR. MICHAEL WALKER



Who was buried in the Church of the Borough.

The Lord's Prayer, Creed,

TEN COMMANDMENTS,

PARAPHRASED, &c.

BY M. E. M. I. H.

The church of Tunro is a small parish  
is situated about four miles from  
Tunro is a small parish is situated  
before the church is a small parish

PRINTED, BY THE AUTHOR, BY H. THORN AND SON,  
MCCCLXXXI.



T O

Mrs. W I L L S,  
Wife of the Rev. Thomas Wills, late  
of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.

M A D A M,

**T**HE constant Practice of Benevolence, Piety, and Humanity, wherein you exercised yourself during your Residence in Cornwall; more than those honourable Titles by which your Family is distinguished; is the Motive that induces me to dedicate the following Sheets to your Patronage; being assured, that the habitual Goodness of your Heart, which overflows with universal Love to all, will incline you to overlook the consequent Errors of an inaccurate Pen, and pardon the Liberty of endeavouring to veil its Defects under the Sanction of a Name, which every sincere Friend to Virtue and Christianity must revere.

I flatter myself that, tho' the Execution of this small Work comes vastly short of doing Justice to the Merits of those whose Memory is hereby attempted to be perpetuated, the Design alone will recommend it to the Approbation of you and the excellent Gentleman, who (next to the Supreme Being) holds the first Place in your Affections; and is a competent Judge, how far Truth hath guided  
this

ii D E D I C A T I O N.

this faint Description of their different Characters ; particularly that of the truly pious Divine, from whom he, and many other eminent Christians, received their most early and salutary Instructions.

No interested Views from opulent Survivors, have herein dictated to the Pen ; neither are undeserved Encomiums lavished on the Deceased, nor fabulous Virtues laid down as a Pattern for Imitation.

You are yourself, Madam, a living Evidence, that uniform Goodness is not impracticable :—The unwearied Assiduity, and various Methods whereby you endeavoured to promote and encourage Religion and Piety around you, are still recent in the Memory of Hundreds in the Neighbourhood, lately blessed with your Residence ; and the loud Lamentations and Floods of Tears shed by the Indigent at your Departure (of which I was a Witness,) testified, that you Fed the Hungry, Cloathed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet to the Lame.—Under these Considerations, I have presumed to address these Poems to you ; and if they are found worthy your Acceptance, it will add to the Favours already received from you, and confer the greatest Honour on,

Madam,

Your most obliged,

humble Servant,

E. SMITH.

## LIFE REVIEW'D.

AS oft as I survey this hallow'd Ground,  
And solitary trace its awful Round,  
By Turns the silent sleeping Beds draw near,  
Of Friends, Companions, or Relations dear;  
Late the kind Sharers of each chearful Hour,  
But Pris'ners now to Death's all-conq'ring Pow'r,  
In those dark Caverns, whence they cannot rise,  
'Till the last Trump' shall call them to the Skies;  
Then ev'ry Nerve (tho' into Atoms hurl'd)  
Shall re-unite, and join th' assembling World.  
Conscience (inspir'd from each obscure Abode,)  
Crys out, Prepare! prepare! to meet thy God!  
Aloud proclaims a Day of final Doom,  
Which Sound re-echoes from each neighb'ring Tomb.  
Vault after Vault, and Grave on Grave appear,  
The High, the Low, the Fool, the Wise, lie here;

E

Here



Here all Disputes are hush'd, Dissentions cease,  
 And each partakes profound, *untasted* Peace.  
 Heedless of Grandeur past, the noblest Bust  
 Dissolves, or mingles with the Peasant's Dust.  
 Titles, Distinctions, Precedence, and Names,  
 Contested once, might set the World in Flames,  
 Now reconcil'd, no more to Feuds give Birth,  
 But blend promiscuous in the Womb of Earth;  
 Where deep Oblivion's Reign obscures each Sense,  
 Strict Silence seals the Tongues of Eloquence,  
 Inaction binds each nervous powerful Arm,  
 And foul Corruption blights each former Charm;  
 Humour and Wit desert this dreary Spot  
 Where Arts and Sciences are all forgot;  
 " As much by Him who Life to Day resign'd  
 " As those who've slept for Ages out of Mind."†  
 Here Persecution can no more infest,  
 And Merit from Detraction is redrest:  
 Fell Envy's Sting dislodg'd, all Discord fled,  
 A solemn Stillness reigns among the Dead.

† Pope's Essay.

In yon' distinguish'd, unincumber'd Spot\*  
 (Tho' not exempted from the common Lot,  
 Nature's great Debt discharg'd, to Earth consign'd)  
 There rest the Relicts of a noble Mind ; §  
 Whose Splendour an unnumber'd Number fed,  
 That under his Auspices earn'd their Bread ;  
 His Looks depending Thousands kept in Awe,  
 His Form spoke Majesty, his Word a Law ;  
 Of Knowledge gain'd by few he was possess'd,  
 And with Successes eminently blest'd ;

New

\* A particular Part of the Consecrated Ground where those, whose Circumstances will not afford to pay the required Premium, were not permitted to be buried.

§ The late W-ll-m L-m-n, Esq; Grandfire to the present Sir W-ll-m L-m-n, Bart. This Gentleman was graceful and manly in his Person, over which was diffus'd an expressive Grandeur, which exacted Homage from all who approach'd him : Yet in his Behaviour towards those with whom he convers'd, open, easy, and free. He was endow'd with an extraordinary Share of intellectual Qualifications, and in various Degrees of extensive Knowledge excell'd most of his Cotemporaries. He had the Honour of being held in high Estimation by some of the first Personages in this Kingdom, and the Pleasure of seeing himself the Benefactor of great Numbers of the lower Class, by encouraging Labourers and Artificers of almost every Denomination.—He clos'd an active and beneficial Life in the Year 1760.

New Plans devis'd, by which himself he made  
 The Arm of Commerce, and Support of Trade ;  
 Improvements still held forth to public View,  
 Tending to please, to help, and succour too ;  
 At once t' engage the Pleasure-seeking Eye,  
 And all th' industrious Labourer's Needs supply ;  
 Rural Recesses, Halcion Retreats,  
 Exalted Structures, and delightful Seats ;  
 (Magnificence, with Beauty, grac'd the Whole,  
 Spreading the Owner's Name from Pole to Pole ;)  
 He form'd, nor less did his strong Coffers hold,  
 Treasures of Wealth, uncounted Heaps of Gold.  
 Thus to the Age of Man arriv'd, he then  
 With Honour clos'd his threescore Years and ten :  
 Such was the Man whom *Pleb'ians* now survey  
 Beneath their Feet, reduc'd to common Clay,  
 On the same Level with the abject Poor,  
 " 'Tis all He is" --- *dead* : --- *Monarchs* are no more !  
 When the grim Tyrant has his Warrant giv'n,  
 And comes commission'd from the Court of Heav'n.



No human Power his Forces can withstand,  
 Nor Angel's Arm repel his lifted Hand :  
 Regardless of Distinctions, Sex, or Age,  
 He conquers all with whom he dares t' engage.  
 For lo ! beneath this memorable Tomb,  
 Victim to Death's Arrest in Manhood's Bloom,  
 All earthly Confidence hence to destroy,  
 A Father's Hope, and doating Mother's Joy,  
 Lies, th' only Son ; || them Providence had giv'n,  
 The greatest Blessing they enjoy'd from Heav'n ;  
 Their mutual Cares this much lov'd Youth did share,  
 To their large Fortune, and joint Virtues, Heir ;  
 But Fate, to mortal Happiness severe,  
 Invaded e'er he reach'd his thirtieth Year ;  
 Physical Skill in vain essay'd to save  
 The destin'd Victim from an early Grave :      Yet

|| Mr. Chas Piers, Junr. was endow'd with every Accomplishment requisite to form the compleat Gentleman in the most extensive Comprehension of that Title, and adorn the Possession of the affluent Fortune to which his Birth entitled him.—He was easy of Access, free, and condescending to all Men; his Amusements were rational and manly; and a peculiar Moderation therein, together with the constant Practice of every moral Virtue, distinguish'd him from most of his Age and Rank. As a civil Magistrate his Conduct was exemplary, and in every relation in Life Praise-worthy.

Yet whilst his Conduct Mem'ry shall retain,  
 Tho' short his Race, he lived not in vain;  
 A Pattern for succeeding great and small,  
 Courteously kind, and affable to all;  
 By no rude Passions was his Mind beguiled,  
 His Carriage humble, and his Temper mild;  
 Chearfully grave and elegantly plain,  
 Pride he despis'd, with all her baneful Train;  
 Upon his Lips no guileful Treach'ry hung,  
 Nor Falshood stain'd the Tenor of his Tongue;  
 When public Offices became his Care,  
 Lenity mingled with meek Justice there:  
 In private Life, what meeting Virtues blend!  
 The dutious Son, kind Brother, stedfast Friend;  
 To him Distress unheeded ne'er complain'd,  
 Alike by Vice and Avarice unstain'd;  
 To Heaven's Appointment happily resign'd,  
 Serene he died, and left Life's Pomp behind.  
 May such Examples point our Thoughts to rise  
 From Earth, and soar to Mansions in the Skies;

'Twixt Gain, Ambition, and vain Folly's Call,  
 Keep the strict mean, indiff'rent to them all,  
 Answ'ring (when each for Eminence contends),  
 Here Folly ceases, and Ambition ends.\* \*The Grave.

Thus when we ruminate, where Laurel blooms,  
 O'er Hero's Monuments, and Conqu'ror's Tombs,  
 They add no more, but this strict Truth maintains,  
 " Nought but a Heap of putrid Clay remains."

In this same Sepulchre with filial Care  
 Interr'd, here rest the venerable Pair, †  
 Whose prosp'rous Days did long and cloudless run,  
 'Till Death depriv'd them of their darling Son;  
 Suddenly snatch'd him from their feeble Arms,  
 And strip'd the World of her delusive Charms:  
 Whence sadly taught by the instructive Foe,  
 That Vanity's the End of all below;

They

† Mr. and Mrs. P-t-rs, the Parents of Mr. C. P-t-rs, Junr. were as  
 universally respected as known; they liv'd happily, unmolested by the  
 Severity of Fate till their advanc'd Age, when they receiv'd their Portion  
 of temporal Affliction in the Loss of this amiable young Gentleman.



They earnest long'd to close the painful Strife  
 Nor longer draw the heavy Clog of Life.  
 Being its Inheritance reserv'd to know  
 When Strength ebb'd out, and ev'ry Pulse beat low;  
 In their last Stage by one faint Evening Ray  
 Doom'd to support the Burthen of the Day.  
 Alarming Circumstance ! but none can be  
 Mortal, and from all human Sorrows free ;  
 Life on us Death, and Pains, and Cares doth bind,  
 And Suff'ring is the Lot of all Mankind :  
 Thro' Time's dark Passage, Woe's impetuous Flood,  
 O'erwhelms alike the Evil and the Good.  
 Those walk'd with Caution, and no Act appears,  
 To blot the long Succession of their Years ;  
 Humility and Kindness were their Guide,  
 Blameless they lived, and virtuously they died.  
 Near to this Spot, but where no Trace appears,  
 Since Twenty-one long circulating Years  
 Hath levell'd all, and left no Mark whereby  
 To point the Cave out where his Dust doth lye.

Who

Who, tho' distinguish'd by no superb Birth,  
 Nor sounding Title of the High of Earth,  
 Possess'd an humble Heart and gen'rous Mind,  
 Those brightest Ornaments of Human Kind.  
 No temp'ral Disappointments cou'd defeat  
 His Hopes, which ne'er aspir'd at being great ;  
 To live content and peaceful, was the Plan  
 Of this humane, benev'lent, worthy Man :  
 For his own Uses, and to help the Poor,  
 He ever found Supplies ; nor grasp'd at more ;  
 But did his Mite to Misery impart,  
 With lib'ral Hand, and sympathizing Heart.  
 To Kindness ready, and to Anger slow,  
 During his Life he never made a Foe ;  
 But did to all Mankind good Will extend,  
 And ev'ry Individual was his Friend.  
 To him for Succour oft the Helpless fled,  
 His needy Neighbour at his Table fed ;  
 The houseless Stranger, with Fatigue oppress'd,  
 Beneath his Roof, Refreshment found and Rest ;

When chearful Friends sat round his festive Board,  
 (With hospitable Plenty aptly stor'd,) 107  
 To Merit he did still direct the Toast, 108  
 And made him welcomest who wanted most. 109  
 Deceit and Guile his open Heart abhor'd, 110  
 He 'gainst the Innocent took no Reward, 111  
 Nor hasted Widows' Houses to devour, 112  
 But aided all unto his utmost Pow'r; 113  
 In all his Dealings he was just and true, 114  
 His Virtues many, and his Faults but few: 115  
 This Attestation Candour doth impell 116  
 From me, who knew his Principles so well. 117  
 Then, long and much lamented Relicks dear, 118  
 Accept the Tribute of a filial Tear, 119  
 Which grateful Nature to thy Mem'ry lends, 120  
 Thou best of Fathers, and thou best of Friends: 121  
 Were but thy Deeds of Charity here shown, 122  
 Characteriz'd upon the speaking Stone, 123  
 Then for Instruction might Ambition come, 124  
 And find a Lesson in thy honest Tomb: 125

For



For if unfeigned general Love within,  
 And charitable Acts, atone for Sin,  
 And those entitle to Rewards divine,  
 The glorious Promise surely must be thine.  
 Blessings Heav'n gave thee here, yet did instill  
 Into thy Cup Consumption's bitter Ill;  
 Which with thy Nature wag'd a painful Strife,  
 And one incessant Struggle render'd Life:  
 But here thou slumber'ft, not in Earth alone,  
 For thy Cotemporaries, one by one,  
 Have almost all, since thou resign'd thy Breath,  
 Been laid low with thee in the Vale of Death.  
 So we, who populate the present Age,  
 And act our Parts on Life's phantastic Stage,  
 Whilst, in their Turn, for us our Children weep,  
 E'er long cut down, shall with our Fathers sleep.  
 Some premature doth Fate from Time divide,  
 Lopping the Branches whilst the Roots abide,  
 Strides o'er the lowly Shrub, and aims his Stroke  
 Rapacious at the lofty-tow'ring Oak,

Which falls before him, and augments his Reign  
 O'er Heaps of Carcases and Crowds of Slain :  
 For in yon Dome, a hasty Prey to Fate,  
 (Just shot from Childhood's inoffensive State,)  
 Lies her,\* late sprightly as the tender Fawn,  
 That bounding gambols o'er the verdant Lawn ;  
 Fair as the Morning of a Summer's Day,  
 And sweet as Flow'rets in the fragrant May ;  
 Whilst most to charm her gentle Mind contends  
 Indulgent Parents and admiring Friends,  
 With all which cou'd the youthful Fancy please,  
 Successive Pleasures, Affluence and Ease,  
 She found below,---nothing cou'd Nature do  
 No make Life's Joys more permanently true :  
 But vain, alas ! are all the Hopes of Man,  
 His Tenor brittle, and his Life a Span :  
 Death, subtle Miner ! work'd with certain Sloth,  
 Infus'd his Poison in her rapid Growth ;

Thro'

\* Miss N-n-cy A-ll-n, who died in a Consumption when she was about  
 17 Years of Age.

Thro' all her Vitals a dire Venom shed,  
 And rank'd the lovely Maid amongst the Dead:  
 Nor cou'd her Conquest glut th' insatiate Foe,  
 With fourfold Force he dealt his mighty Blow,  
 And three (not yet arriv'd at Man's Estate)  
 Promising Brothers shar'd her early Fate;  
 Perhaps collected to the peaceful Tomb  
 From gath'ring Clouds, and evil Days to come:  
 As from rude Winds and over-bearing Show'rs,  
 Men guard with prudent Care the tenderest Flow'rs,  
 So those safe shelter'd 's to be understood,  
 Who die betimes, whilst innocent and good,  
 Greatly distinguish'd in Heav'n's wise Intent,  
 Which only does foresee and rule Events.

Th' adjacent Pile contains a much-lov'd Friend,†  
 Whose Principles all Nature must commend;

There

† Mrs. M—y N—w—n, who died in March 1777, aged about 24, in Child - Bed. She was deservedly and universally lamented by all who particularly knew her. She was a chearful Companion, and an agreeable Friend; endow'd with an eminent Share of sprightly Wit, blended with solid Reason, and every other Qualification requisite to compleat an amiable Woman.



There Sense with Sweetness jointly did combine,  
 And variegated Charms did round her shine ;  
 Above Disguise, a Stranger to Deceit,  
 She neither scorn'd the Low, nor fear'd the Great ;  
 But was from each Extreme alike remov'd,  
 To all obliging, and by all belov'd.  
 With Sentiments refin'd her Bosom glow'd,  
 Which from her Tongue in soft Persuasion flow'd ;  
 Her Conversation, innocently gay,  
 Made Hours and Days unheeded glide away ;  
 Tho' sparkling Wit supremely she possess'd,  
 Good-nature govern'd in her gen'rous Breast ;  
 Industrious to suppress an ill Report,  
 And blunt the Edge of Scandal's cruel Court ;  
 Each injur'd Name with Warmth she did defend,  
 Ever most pleas'd, when most she cou'd befriend :  
 'Twas universal Love inform'd her Soul,  
 And solid Judgment crown'd the finish'd Whole ;  
 Early esteem'd, the young became a Wife,  
 And *Mother*, then resign'd her valued Life !  
 A sud-

A sudden Chill damp'd all her vital Powers,  
 As blust'ring Winds consume the fairest Flowers;  
 O pensive Thought ! O melancholy Theme !  
 Which makes the Mind with sad Reflections teem,  
 In Bloom of Youth and circling Joys ! cut down ;  
 Others in Prime of Age and fair Renown :  
 Can none of those succeed to purchase Breath ?  
 Or from his Purpose bribe the Monster Death ?  
 All, all, together join'd, their Force must fail,  
 Nor can the purest Virtues thus prevail.  
 Then what is Life ? its pompous vain Parade ?  
 The empty Shadow of a fleeting Shade ;  
 Its Hopes a Bubble, its best Joys a Toy,  
 Which Chance may break, or Accident destroy.  
 Tho' worldly Minds, Ambition's Slaves conspire  
 To raise their Names & build their Fortunes higher.  
 Thus runs our Title, on receiving Breath,  
 Sin's Subjects, Sons of Woe, and Heirs of Death ;  
 Which Sentence all Mankind shall doubtless share,  
 How e'er divided in their Stations here.

Lab'rinth

Lab'rinth of Ills, yet Path to Worlds of Bliss,  
 If well improv'd the Good receiv'd in this.  
 Th' opulent Man who worships with his Store,  
 And the meek Bearing of the patient Poor,  
 Alike, in the approving Eye of *Heaven*,  
 Shall find Acceptance, and Reward be given :  
 In whose large Mercies and Paternal Care,  
 The Prince and Beggar have an equal Share.  
 Distinct our sev'ral Lots are made below,  
 For wise Intents which we're forbid to know ;  
 The well-wrought Chain in due Proportions roll,  
 And various Links but constitute the Whole.  
 With Earnestness no State's to be desir'd,  
 Where much is giv'n, there will be much requir'd,  
 And Indigence, with wild Impatience borne,  
 Incurs Heav'n's Anger and eternal Scorn  
 It matters not who did in Power excell,  
 Who suffer'd most, but who have acted well ;  
 Life's choicest Gifts thus us'd, its Struggles past,  
 Obedient Dust returns to Dust at last,

But



But the wing'd Spirit instant upward flies,  
 (Borne by good Deeds and Faith thro' pendent Skies)  
 To those pure Plains of perfect Peace and Love,  
 Th' harmonious Mansions of the Blest above.

How sweet to view the Just ! what a Perfume  
 Of Grace and Glory rises round their Tomb !  
 This Marble *here* points out M. R. Esquire, §  
 Reflection draws th' imperfect Motto higher ;  
 Causing just Mem'ry in strong Lines to paint  
 " Here rest the Manes of a distinguish'd Saint,  
 Who, tho' in Fortune high, of Birth elate,  
 Deign'd to descend to Men of low Estate ;

G

Proof

§ The plain Marble Stone which this refers to, is mark'd only with M. R. the Date, Age, &c. but denotes the Grave of M-c-l R-ll-l, Esq: He was a Gentleman of great Fortune, which he chiefly dedicated to the Relief of the Neccessitous ; avoiding even the least Appearance of Pomp and vain Glory, his Associates were chosen more for their Eminence in Piety and Religion than the Advantages of Birth or Fortune ; to be truly good was a never-failing Passport to his Bosom Friendship ; it might justly be said, " his Delight was in the Saints that were in the Earth." Those two bright Luminaries of Christianity, the late Rev. Mr. S-m—l W-lk-r and Mr. G—C—n—n, were his most particular Intimates, thro' whose unwearied Assiduity and stedfast Perseverance in the Promotion of Religion and Virtue, it is no Way to be doubted but Thousands of Souls in the last Day will be added to the Number of the Blessed.

Proof 'gainst the Worldling's Sneer & Sland'rer's Rod,  
 He persever'd in Truth to worship God ;  
 Terrestrial Honour, with her gaudy Train  
 Of Pomp and Pleasures, spread her Net in vain ;  
 To those Assaults he nobly scorn'd to yield,  
 And under Christian Banners won the Field.  
 Hope was his Helmet, and his chieftest Dress  
 The flowing Robes of Faith and Righteousness :  
 From Satan's Snares unhurt he did remain,  
 To Christ he liv'd, and died t' immortal Gain."  
 Within, ¶ rever'd in Death, as lov'd in Life,  
 Lies his meek, humble, charitable Wife ; \*

Each

¶ In the Church.

\* Mrs. R—ff—I was descended from a Family of Eminence both in Rank and Fortune, and no less distinguishable for their Benevolence and extensive Charity.—She was adorn'd with every Advantage of Person and Accomplishment of Mind that can possibly center in the human Frame ; and even in advanced Age bore such an Impress of Loveliness and Grace, that every Beholder admired and venerated her ; she fed the Hungry and clothed the Naked, was Eyes to the Blind and Feet to the Lame, yet never discovered the least Propensity to Ostentation, and avoided (as much as possible) all popular Applause. A warm Heart and an humble Soul actuated all her Deeds, which alone tended to advance the Glory of God, and the Welfare of Mankind.

(Each, equally prepar'd for Life or Death,  
 At distant Periods yielded up their Breath :)  
 Of all his Virtues largely she partook,  
 There a Saint's Mind shone thro' an Angel's Look,  
 In her, who every christian Grace posselt  
 That can refine and purify the Breast;  
 Strict Piety, with soft Compassion join'd,  
 Fill'd all her Moments, and her spotless Mind;  
 Thus consecrating Time and temp'ral Store  
 To help and succour the surrounding Poor;  
 She held for each particular Distress  
 A Heart to Pity, and a Hand to bless:  
 Anguish to sooth, th' Disconsolate to chear,  
 To wipe from Mis'ry's Eye the falling Tear,  
 Yielded those pure Delights she wish'd to know,  
 And which from virtuous Acts alone can flow.  
 Unceasingly her Deeds of Good did rise  
 In balmy Odours to the smiling Skies,  
 Th' approving Godhead, from his radiant Throne,  
 Well-pleas'd beheld, and stamp'd her for his own.



Shed thro' her Soul a sweet transcendent Joy,  
Which Time, nor Chance, nor Death cou'd 'ere  
destroy ;

A Bliss the nat'ral Heart can ne'er conceive,  
Libertines flight, and Worldlings disbelieve ;  
But is a real existent Pleasure given,  
A certain Earnest of a future Heaven,  
Transfusing o'er the Mind a rapt'rous Peace,  
Which thro' eternal Ages will encrease :  
Such those enjoy'd in transient Time, and now  
A Weight of Glory crowns each Victor's Brow ;  
Together blest'd on the immortal Shore,  
Disease can't reach, nor Death divide them more :  
Tho' here they blaze not in the Lists of Fame,  
The noblest Trophy is a virtuous Name,  
And theirs preserv'd with reverential Care,  
Embalms the Mem'ry of this gracious Pair. ||

May

|| " Hear what the Voice of Heav'n proclaims

" For all the pious Dead ;

" Sweet is the Savour of their Names,

" And soft their sleeping Bed."

WATTS.

May it excite the Rich and Great to run  
 Their Christian Race, doing as they have done ;  
 Duly t' improve the Talents Heav'n has lent  
 To answer its Design, and grand Intent ;  
 By kind Benevolence augment that Store  
 They'll then enjoy when Time shall be no more ;  
 Like the wise Steward in yon Realms prepare,  
 When this World fails, sure Habitations there. †  
 This World, where we from Wave to Wave are tofs'd,  
 In Jeopardy possess'd, in using lost,  
 Its transient Joys, which shrinks from the Embrace,  
 And at each Turn Death stares us in the Face ;  
 Who hourly to his dark Dominions brings  
 Infidels, Christians, Cottagers, and Kings :  
 The stoutest Champion can't resist this Foe,  
 Nor tender Infancy elude his Blow :  
 Had Innocence Exemption from his Reign,  
 This greedy Grave had op'd her Jaws in vain

To

† St. Luke, c. xvi, Verse ix.—“ And I say unto you, make to yourselves  
 Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may  
 receive you into everlasting Habitations.”

To snatch her rich Contents, sweet Peace annoy,  
 And sap the Root of all my earthly Joy;  
 Which cent'ring there confess'd Death's ruthless  
     Power,

And felt its Force in her departing Hour,  
 Whose Agonies my trembling Heart did share,  
 And each expiring Groan was echo'd there;  
 No second Means were left untry'd to save  
 This beauteous Body from the dreary Grave.  
 Sweet Blossom! thou first taught'st my Breast to prove  
 The warm Effusions of maternal Love,  
 Encreasing from the Instant it began,  
 Whilst twice & half Twelve Moons their Courses ran,  
 When to that Height the tender Passion grew,  
 To part with Life seem'd less than part with you.  
 O'er all thy Frame what varying Charms did vie  
 To fix with Pleasure my delighted Eye;  
 Thy inoffensive Prattle charm'd my Ear,  
 'Twas Bliss to see, and Harmony to hear:  
 Perhaps too much Affection might provoke  
 The Hand of Heav'n to send the fatal Stroke,

Causing



Causing thy gentle Spirit to regain  
 Her native Skies, and leave me to complain ;  
 Comfort refuse, and Consolation flight,  
 In Sighing spend each Day, in Tears the Night ;  
 'Till the wild Onsets of distracting Grief,  
 Mellow'd by stealing Time, procur'd Relief,  
 When Reason and Religion both combine  
 T' enforce Submission to the Hand divine ; \*  
 Who neither wounds in Sport, nor shoots by Chance,  
 But thro' flight Ills does future Bliss advance.  
 Then Nature cease, nor longer fruitless mourn,  
 To her I haste, to me she'll ne'er return,  
 Who priviledg'd high, forfook Life's thorny Road  
 Before its Ills laid on their bitter Load ;  
 Disgusted at this World, the new-come Guest  
 Just peep'd thereon, and then retir'd to Rest.

Sleep

- \* " Saints ! at your heav'nly Father's Word,
- " Give up your Comforts to the Lord ;
- " He shall restore what you resign,
- " Or grant you Blessings more divine."

WATTS.

Sleep on, dear Dust ! untainted Soul, still rest  
 From all thy Labours, bask amongst the Blest,  
 Full in the Beams of thy Redeemer's Face,  
 And, thro' a Ray of his imparted Grace :  
 O ! may my Soul with thine united share  
 Those springing Joys which bloom for ever there.  
 Nature recoils, and bids my Eyes survey  
 Th' Apartments of (to me) less striking Clay ;  
 Which numerous in this Particle of Earth,  
 (Where solemn Thoughts receive immediate Birth)  
 Mark'd out by Nature from the common Herd,  
 For some peculiar Excellence prefer'd ;  
 Whom Reason, Wit, or Beauty did adorn,  
 Lye here and there as scatter'd Grains of Corn ;  
 The Noble, Gen'rous, Candid, and Sincere,  
 The Sprightly, Active, Gay, and Debonair ;  
 Some who in recent Years were fully known,  
 Others familiar by Report alone.  
 These lately mov'd, did all their Rights avow,  
 And acted as the bustling World does now ;

And

And Those divided from the Race of Man  
E'er the Existence of this Age began.

\* Here's one late grac'd with an intrepid Mind,  
Of noble Principles and Parts refin'd;  
Whose Thoughts on Wisdom's highest Pinions soar'd,  
Whence Sense exalted guided ev'ry Word;  
His Council Sorrow sooth'd, blind Rage disarm'd,  
And as a well-tun'd Lute his Language charm'd;  
Corrected Reason all his Passions sway'd,  
Judgement's just Ballance all his Actions weigh'd;

H

Quick

\* R—h—d H—ff—y, Esq; who was an experienced Counsellor and judicious Member of Parliament. His Qualifications and Abilities for each of those Offices were manifested by the universal Desire of his officiating in them, and the general Satisfaction and Praise which attended all his disinterested Proceedings therein. Notwithstanding the Eminence and Importance of those Avocations which demanded his Attention, he preserved the most implicit filial Reverence towards his venerable Mother; the greatest Tenderness and Affection for his Sisters; a sincere Good-will towards (and Readiness to serve) his Fellow-Creatures; and a peculiar Kindness and Lenity to his Servants, who grew old under his Roof, and when he could no longer make Use of their Attendance, he bellow'd on each what would enable them to spend the Remainder of their Days easy and comfortable. The Floods of Tears shed by Crowds of the Poor at his Grave attested the extensive Charity he exercised in private Donations, and gave a convincing Proof of his Observance of the Divine Command, viz. "Let not thy Right Hand know what thy Left Hand doth." St. Mat. vi. 4.



Quick to conceive, yet cautious to advance ;  
 Discerning Causes at a single Glance ;  
 He did each Turn and trite Avenue know  
 In Courts of Justice, and in Points of Law ;  
 The Right from Wrong judiciously divide,  
 Harangue with Candour, and with Truth decide.  
 When Council call'd to Cabinet Debate,  
 How mild, how strong, impartial and sedate,  
 His solid Arguments serenely flow'd,  
 And drew th' Applause of the surrounding Crowd.  
 To *Private* he prefer'd the *Public* Weal,  
 And did a patriotic Ardour feel ;  
 Measures, which servile Statesmen wou'd admit,  
 Oppos'd he with the Firmness of a Pitt ;  
 Collected in himself, disdaining Fear,  
 Alike he held his King and Country dear ;  
 Whom equally to serve, support, protect,  
 He persever'd, nor swerv'd thro' base Neglect ;  
 On Glory's Wing his Fame spread wide and far,  
 He grac'd the Senate, and adorn'd the Bar :

Those

These when he died an Ornament resign'd,  
 The Destitute a Benefactor kind,  
 Th' Oppress'd that Patron who'd their Rights defend,  
 Honour an Offspring, and Mankind a Friend.

Flavius lies silent there, whom all admit,  
 Wore the keen Plume of double-pointed Wit;  
 His varying Turns of Lively Humour brought  
 Perpetual Food for Vacancy of Thought;  
 Which did a Banquet aptly stor'd prepare,  
 To kill the tedious Hours, and baffle Care;  
 By pleasing Rhetoric he did still convey  
 Amusement to the Trifling, Vain, and Gay;  
 Vivacity with careless Ease combin'd  
 T' allure the Sense, and captivate the Mind:  
 A well concerted Jest, or jovial Song,  
 (The social Hour to heighten or prolong)  
 Stood ever ready, suited to prevent  
 Th' Approach of Care, and gloomy Discontent;  
 Gloomy Reflections were repuls'd in Haste;  
 The chearful Circle sprightly Flavius grac'd,

Where revell'd Mirth, in loud tumultuous Noise,  
 Light Dissipation, and exterior Joys:  
 His Converse shed around a jocund Glee,  
 Determin'd to be easy, blithe, and free;  
 His Arrows ne'er were pointed to offend  
 The boon Companion, or the cordial Friend;  
 Gay Pleasures round no Leisure gave to think,  
 Or near survey the Grave till on its Brink:  
 Thus sportive pass'd he Life's light Hours away,  
 'Till Fate her Victim claim'd, and Worms their Prey!

Death's icy Grasp does likewise here enfold  
 Amelia, cast in Nature's fairest Mould;  
 Whose Graces such, none knew which charm'd the  
 most  
 Of this triumphant universal Toast:  
 The giddy Crowd admiring did survey  
 (Whence numerous Conquests mark'd each rising  
 Day)

Her finish'd Form, too delicate to bear  
 Th' enliv'ning Sun, or renovating Air;

But



But when soft Breezes and mild Beams conspire  
 To blend the Lilly and the Roses higher,  
 By Adulation fir'd, her flutt'ring Breast  
 No other Hope imbib'd, nor Wish possess'd,  
 But uncontested Empire to maintain,  
 And thro' Youth's fleeting Hour the Pageant reign;  
 Unrivall'd still, to hold despotic Sway  
 O'er the Polite, the Volatile, and Gay :  
 Thus to Externals ev'ry Thought confin'd,  
 Uncultivated lay the nobler Mind,  
 'Till vengeful Time (who sues for sad Neglect)  
 Obscur'd those Graces which her Person deck'd;  
 With rapid Steps her Beauty did assail,  
 The Lilly pluck'd, and turn'd the Roses pale;  
 Obscur'd the Lustre of her sparkling Eyes,  
 Whence from her Face each Pow'r to conquer flies.  
 Emphatical she felt this stern Demand,  
 And view'd approaching Death with lifted Hand :  
 Alarm'd, then starting ! woke as from a Trance,  
 And begg'd a Truce e'er he'd his Pow'rs advance ;  
 Experimentally

Experimentally convinc'd (tho' late)  
 How transient Beauty's Bloom, and Pleasure's Date!  
 With deep Contrition, not to be express'd,  
 She turn'd to Heav'n, her num'rous Faults confess'd,  
 Compassion ask'd, thereon alone rely'd,  
 Calm Peace obtain'd, and unreluctant dy'd.  
 O, Grace divine ! O, never-failing Flood !  
 Rich Efficacy of a Saviour's Blood,  
 Which on our Souls in plenteous Show'rs is sent,  
 When our Deserts are only Punishment,  
 By forfeiting, thro' a continual Strife  
 With Heav'n, all Claim to Everlasting Life:  
 Yet sov'reign Love, indulgent from on High,  
 Beholds us Creatures with a pitying Eye,  
 The Saviour, who on Mercy's Errand came,  
 And knows the Frailties of our mortal Frame,  
 Atonement pleads, excruciating Pain !  
 And prays his Blood may not be shed in vain,  
 Subdu'd the Father's Wrath, and irefull Frown,  
 He lays th' avenging Sword of Justice down,  
 Whilst

Whilst Heav'n's Orchestra with Hosannahs ring,  
 To David's Son, and Israel's hallow'd King,  
 Whose positive unerring Word declares,  
 Reluctant he condemns, with Pleasure spares,  
 And binds such Union betwixt Earth and Heav'n,  
 That Angels glory in a Soul forgiv'n : †  
 No Crimes so great Christ's Merits can't atone,  
 Nor Sin-pierc'd Soul excluded Mercy's Throne ;  
 So the Distemper'd don't enhance the Wound,  
 Rolling in Sin that Mercy may abound ; \*  
 Resist the Holy Spirit in the Heart,  
 And, by resisting, bid that Guest depart ;  
 Thro' sensual Lusts the wretched Soul debase,  
 Conviction shun, and slight the Day of Grace :  
 To such th' Redeemer in his Gospel cries,  
 (Whilst Tears again bedew immortal Eyes) ||

“ My

† St. Luke, c. xv. verse 7.—“ I say unto you, that likewise Joy shall be in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, more than Ninety-nine just Persons which need no Repentance.”

\* Romans, c. vi. verse 1. &c.—“ Shall we continue in Sin, that Grace may abound? God forbid.”

|| St. Luke, c. xix. verse 41.—“ And when he was come near, he beheld the City, and wept over it.”



" My Mediation was for thee employ'd,  
 " O, wretched Man! thou hast thyself destroy'd;  
 " How oft wou'd I (zealous for Mortals good,  
 " Just as the Hen collects her tender Brood) \*  
 " Have ta'en thy Soul beneath my pow'rful Arm,  
 " And shelter'd it from ev'ry kind of Harm;  
 " But thou each peaceful Overture withstood,  
 " And fruitless made my Mission, Cross, and Blood  
 " To thee, which flow'd for all the fallen Race,  
 " And I to each have shewn my saving Grace." †  
 When heav'nly Light dawns on our tender Minds,  
 How bless'd that Soul who with its Influence joins,  
 Striving each wayward Passion to subdue,  
 Looks thro' the present to the future View,  
 Calmly inspects each State of Mortal Life,  
 Which seeing clog'd with Sorrow, Care, and Strife,  
 Indiff'rent

\* St. Matthew, c. xxiii, verse 37.—"O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how  
 often would I have gathered thy Children together, even as a Hen gathereth  
 her Chickens, under her Wings, and ye would not."

† "For the Grace of God, which bringeth Salvation, hath appeared unto  
 all Men."

Indiff'rent who may temporal Honours prove,  
 Aspires at those more permanent above;  
 Thither each constant Wish and Motion bent,  
 Finds little to amend, or to repent :  
 Thus led by Grace, stedfast in Virtue's Way,  
 Walks on secure, nor lets his Footsteps stray;  
 Tranquility each Morning to him springs,  
 Each Midnight Hour sweet Consolation brings,  
 Divine Communion whispers in his Breast,  
 Dispells its Doubts, and sooths its Cares to rest,  
 And whilst his humble Hopes on Christ relies,  
 Celestial Glory beams upon his Eyes :  
 All such (unceasing) their glad Off'rings pay  
 At Heaven's high Altar, ev'ry rising Day,  
 And under its divine Protection lye  
 At Night, indiff'rent, or to sleep, or dye.  
 Whatever Pit or rugged Path appears,  
 In trav'ling thro' this desert Vale of Tears,  
 Undaunted those pursue their steady-Course,  
 Whose Pleasures issue from a boundless Source, \*

**I** **Tho'**

\* Psalm lxxxiv. verses 5, 6, and 7.—“Blessed is the Man whose  
 Strength

Tho' raging Malice a black Curtain spread,  
 And Storms of Vengeance threat the guiltless Head,  
 Trials and Persecutions teem below,  
 Misfortunes (as a Current) round him flow,  
 Upborn on Pillars of immortal Hope,  
 (The firmest Basis, the securest Prop)  
 Compos'd he sees the bursting Torrents roll  
 In Waves contending to destroy the Soul :  
 Impregnable to those Attempts he stands,  
 (Defended by an Host of glitt'ring Bands)  
 Trusting for Succour to the Hand unseen,  
 Tho' Clouds obscure, and Crosses intervene,  
 While Faith with Fortitude the Bosom shares,  
 What Manhood deeply feels, the Christian bears.  
 When Death appears, disrob'd of its Disguise,  
 And Scorpions sting before his languid Eyes,  
 Calmly submissive, chearfully resign'd,  
 (No guilty Terrors rising to the Mind)

He

Strength is in thee : in whole Heart are thy Ways."— "Who going  
 through the Vale of Misery, use it for a Well : and the Pools are filled  
 with Water."— "They will go from Strength to Strength : and unto the  
 God of Gods appeareth every one of them in Sion."



He views the Joys which Diffolution brings,  
 And greets this Mandate from the King of Kings,  
 Whose Vehicle attends to waft him o'er  
 To fairer Regions, and a fafer Shore;  
 Where thro' Empyrean Plains the Spirit roves  
 Ambrofial Bow'rs, and Aromatic Groves,  
 From whence, whilst Floods of Blifs perpetual flow,  
 He looks with Pity on Mankind below;  
 From Joy to Joy, fledg'd with new Glories, flies,  
 Nor heeds where the deserted Body lies.

That this is no enthusiastic Theme,  
 Chimerical Conceit, or fancied Dream,  
 Demonstrative to evidence its Truth,  
 A Child of Piety, from blooming Youth,  
 \* Lies here entomb'd, who Heaven in earnest fought,  
 And fet the Blandifhments of Life at nought :

## I 2

## Early

\* The eminently pious Mrs. J-ne G-dd-y.—She was the Daughter of the late deservedly much-efteemed Mr. W-lt-r R-f-ne : About her fifteenth Year (a Time when moft young People of great Dependencies are launching out into all the fashionable Amusements and Gaieties of Life) ſhe became a Convert to Heaven, under the powerful Inſtructions of that faithful  
 Scrvant

Early the Paths of Righteousness she trod,  
 Not Worlds cou'd win her to forsake her God,  
 Nor slack her pure consistent Christian Race,  
 And constant Off'rings at the Throne of Grace;  
 Partaking largely of redeeming Love,  
 (In copious Streams of Pleasure from above)  
 Earth's idle Pomp in vain t' engage her fought,  
 Whilst Mammon Show'rs of golden Treasures  
 brought;  
 These cou'd not prompt by Flattery, nor force  
 Her constant Mind to shrink from Virtue's Course;  
 She gratefully receiv'd, with Temp'rance us'd,  
 Nor e'er the Gifts of bounteous Heav'n abus'd.  
 Thro' a dark Gall'ry\*, with a solemn Pace,  
 Death stalk'd, she saw, nor shun'd his cold Embrace;  
 Her

\* Consumption.  
 Servant of Christ the Rev. Mr. Walker, wherein she persevered, "turning neither to the Right, nor to the Left," but walked in the Commandments of God all the Days of her Life, which received its Period about her thirtieth Year, leaving behind her, to the Protection of her sorrowing Friends, one only Child; for the Welfare of whose Soul (according to the Tenor of her own Conduct), it is to be presum'd, she was most tenderly concerned, and consequently recommended her immortal Part in a most pathetic Manner to their Attention, when she no longer could watch over her.

Her pious Meditations wing'd their Flight  
 To the pure Regions of unmix'd Delight,  
 Where Songs of Praise, and gladsome shouts of Joy,  
 Souls, like her own, perpetually employ;  
 Unaw'd she waited the Command to rise,  
 And join the Chorus of the lofty Skies.  
 With what Serenity, just ent'ring Heav'n,  
 Unto her Friends was her last Farewell giv'n!  
 Imagination fails, justly to paint  
 The weighty Words of an expiring Saint,  
 Where Duty, Love, and Piety, kept Pace,  
 And all united in a last Embrace.  
 "Dear Husband, Father, Mother, we must part,  
 Death, the great Pioneer, has reach'd my Heart;  
 To you my earthly All I now resign,  
 Be your last Moments full of Peace like mine;  
 Yet long and happy may you sojourn here,  
 To whose kind Care I trust my Betsy dear,  
 As yet her Faculties, Desires, and Will,  
 Lye wrapp'd in Ignorance of Good and Ill,

And



And indiscriminate themselves display  
 As Nature points, or Instinct's Dictates sway;  
 Reason, inactive in her infant Breast,  
 (By inoffensive childish Thoughts possess'd)  
 Slumbers, 'till Time, whose Race no Pause allows,  
 Her Mind doth ripen, and the Passions rouse;  
 In Youth's gay Season prone to start aside  
 From serious Thought, and follow Custom's Guide,  
 Within whose View Life's promis'd Date appears  
 A long, long Series of revolving Years;  
 Which shews Eternity, whilst Health beats high,  
 Too distant for the Ken of human Eye,  
 Religious Duties fit alone t' engage  
 Distemper'd Bodies, and decrepit Age;  
 Holding it certain, that the latest Breath  
 May mediate with Heav'n, and treat with Death:  
 Fatal Mistake! since Time's incessant Wave  
 Bears rapid from the Cradle to the Grave;  
 Death's dread Allies, and Emissaries rise,  
 At every Period break the Thread of Life,  
 Fevers,

Fevers, Contagions, Apoplexies rage,  
 And War with mortal Man perpetual wage;  
 Such Shafts of Fate around continual fly,  
 The Wonder's greater to survive, than die.  
 Then since, unwarn'd, the Soul's oft snatch'd away  
 Without the Time to think, or Pow'r to pray,  
 With Caution great, and Circumspection mild,  
 Watch o'er the young Ideas of my Child;  
 Observe what Turn her Inclinations take,  
 And keep the lambent Flame of Grace awake,  
 In Virtue's Paths train up the tender Maid;  
 (All gracious Heav'n will your Endeavours aid)  
 With just Contempt of Temp'als early strike  
 Her Soul; and as she will (my Parents dear) alike  
 Your fond Affections, Rank, and Fortune share,  
 O! guard her op'ning Mind with double Care,  
 Left Life's vain Pomp her artless Thoughts betray,  
 And Folly lead her heedless Steps astray,  
 From Self-sufficiency, Disdain, and Pride,  
 (Too oft with Ease and Affluence ally'd)

Instruct

Instruct her to abstain, and ever strive  
 T' improve those Graces which will Time survive;  
 Her Maker serve with Reverence profound,  
 And beam complaisant Smiles on all around,  
 Earth's Treasures barter for true Peace within,  
 Nor taste those Joys which terminate in Sin;  
 Her Neighbour's love, Nature's great God adore,  
 Befriend the Injur'd, and relieve the Poor;  
 Each christian Duty constantly pursue,  
 And ever keep Eternity in view.  
 From Practices like these true Comfort springs,  
 Which to the Soul sweet Satisfaction brings;  
 Thro' transient Time does tranquil Peace impart,  
 And when Death's Harbingers invade the Heart,  
 Pure Pleasures glow, amidst the painful Strife,  
 From a calm Conscience, and a well-spent Life.  
 These my departing Precepts urge and bind  
 Upon the Fibres of her gentle Mind;  
 Which when imbib'd, and into Habit plac'd,  
 I humbly trust will never be effac'd:

This



This my last Duty done, again farewell !  
 Methinks she utter'd\*, when her Cadence fell ;  
 Then, smiling, sunk to everlasting Rest,  
 And breath'd her Soul out on her Saviour's Breast.  
 O glorious Exit ! rapt'rous, happy Flight !  
 To Mansions of pure permanent Delight,  
 Where springing Pleasures and encreasing Joy  
 Admit not Intermision nor Alloy,  
 Which Saints made perfect shall unchang'd partake,  
 When Planets fall, Earth's massy Pillars shake,  
 The rolling Orbs are from their Stations hurl'd,  
 Rapacious Flames involve the Nether World,  
 The Moon dissolves in Blood, fix'd Stars retire  
 In torrid Streams of elemental Fire ;

K

Heav'n's

\* It is not here meant that those were Mrs. G-dd-y's actual Words at the Instant of her Departure : But the many similar Methods which she took, and Arguments she made use of, to enforce the Practice of Religion and Christianity in her Relations, Acquaintance, and all who enjoyed the Blessing of her Conversation ; were they collected, and Copies thereof circulated, there can be no Kind of Doubt that it would make lasting Impressions, to the End of Time, on the Mind of every well-disposed Peruser.

And Heav'n withdraws, more awful to display  
 The solemn Pomp of this tremendous Day;  
 Which, when approaching, Nature will affright,  
 Thereon the Sun shall lose her Beams of Light,  
 In deepest Sables hovering Clouds retreat,  
 The tow'ring Mountains melt with fervent Heat,  
 Contending Wayes of Blood o'erflow the Land,  
 The Sea give up her Dead, the Grave expand;  
 When in the wond'rous Void, august, profound,  
 Th' Archangel doth the final Trumpet sound,  
 The faithful Dead first call'd, shall first arise,\*  
 And incorruptible approach the Skies;  
 Where their immortal Souls again they'll greet,  
 Rapt'rous their Meeting, their Re-union sweet,  
 Blest Consummation shall their Joys advance  
 Beyond the Reach of Accident or Chance;  
 Whilst they in shining Ranks of Glory wait  
 The mighty Triumphs of the Judgment Seat,

Which

\* St. Matthew, c. xxiv. verse 31.— "And he shall send his Angels  
 with a great Sound of a Trumpet, and they shall gather together his Elect  
 from the Four Winds, from one End of Heaven to the other,"

Which holds, enthron'd in Majesty divine,  
 (In whom fierce Terror and mild Mercy shine)  
 The once meek Lamb, whose Blood, profusely spilt,  
 Flow'd a free Sacrifice for Sin and Guilt;  
 All human Sorrows bore, and Death, to pave  
 (Thro' the dark Chambers of the gloomy Grave)  
 A Road to living Streams of perfect Grace,  
 For the revolting Sons of Adam's Race:  
 Then God and Man ascended to the Skies,  
 Nor drop'd his Charge, but heard from Heav'n our  
 Cries;  
 To human Errors patient, from Above  
 He sent kind Overtures of Peace and Love,  
 His Messengers commission'd Earth around  
 To fill with free Salvation's joyful Sound,  
 Without Respect of Persons, far and wide  
 To tell Mankind, for all a Saviour dy'd;  
 And all to accept his offer'd Grace invite,  
 Whose Yoke is easy, and his Burthen light.  
 But now his Patience and Forbearance ends,  
 No more the Arm of Mercy he extends,



So long held out to rebel Man in vain,  
 Who scorn'd his Yoke, embracing Satan's Chain.  
 Revolving Time her circling Race hath run !  
 Nature's extinct ! Eternity begun !  
 The Lamb once slain, Redeemer, Saviour dear,  
 A Lion now in Judgment shall appear :  
 In this great Day of his Almighty Ire,  
 His Vengeance shall be as devouring Fire ;  
 Light uncreated gloriously adorns  
 Those sacred Temples, once beset with Thorns ;  
 The Sword of Justice, awful Judgment's Crown  
 He wears, bright Angels at his Feet bow down,  
 And Devils stand, and tremble at his Frown.  
 How truly happy those in Christ, who then  
 Stand unappall'd amongst the Sons of Men,  
 When Rays of Light'ning from his Eyes shall dart  
 Conviction to th' obdurate Sinner's Heart,  
 And Apprehension in hoarse Thunders roll  
 Despairing Horrors to the guilty Soul ;  
 Conscience, grand Umpire of the human Breast,  
 (In all her Robes of raging Vengeance drest)

With

With loud-tongued Clamours shall for Sin arraign;  
 And as ten thousand Witnesses remain;  
 Black Crime on Crime call up, in dire Array,  
 Which dreadful Threat'nings to the Mind convey,  
 While scorching Flames of fell Despair confound,  
 Lit from the Torch of blazing Worlds around;  
 A yawning Hell beneath striving to shun,  
 He'll to the lofty Rocks and Mountains run:  
 " Fall on ! O hide ! secure me from the Rod  
 " Of gnawing Conscience and an incens'd God !  
 " Inflicting Torments for past slighted Grace :  
 " To 'scape his Fury, and avoid his Face,  
 " Let me beneath your weighty Crush remain,  
 " Or shrink, unnotic'd, in the Earth again."  
 Vain the Petition ! impotent their Aid !  
 The trembling Culprit, naked and dismay'd,  
 Must stand the Test, when Mountain, Hill, and  
 Rock

Consuming, vanish like ascending Smoke ;  
 Then

† " And a Man's own Conscience shall be as ten thousand Witnesses."

Then round and round in wild Amaze he turns,  
 Too late relents, too late his Folly mourns  
 Those Breaches made in Heav'n's most righteous  
 Laws,  
 Without an Advocate to plead his Cause  
 In this great Court, wherein no Bribe can clear,  
 No Witness false, no partial Jury's here,  
 Nor perjur'd Attestation is believ'd  
 By Him, who cannot err, nor be deceiv'd  
 No darling Sin so deeply hid does lye,  
 To 'scape the Question of his searching Eye,  
 Which pierces thro' the darkest Shades of Night,  
 And brings each secret impious Work to light;  
 Hypocrisy detected, ev'ry Thought  
 Shall be expos'd, and into Judgment brought,  
 Before both Men and Angels stand reveal'd,  
 However speciously in Time conceal'd;  
 Where Envy stings, or Treachery beguiles  
 Beneath the Surface of deceiving Smiles,  
 And whilst the tutor'd Tongue soft Sounds impart,  
 Ruin in Ambush animates the Heart:

T'elude



T' elude whose Snares (tho' as the Serpent wife)  
 Men fail, when clad in Virtue's sacred Guise,  
 Which is a Masque too oft assum'd to hide  
 These selfish Passions which the Soul divide,  
 Whilst darling Int'rest ev'ry Deed inspires,  
 And the Heart burns with covetous Desires :  
 (Wealth by the miscreant Mind be'ng understood  
 To fill the Void of ev'ry genuine Good)  
 Sometimes those Batteries are play'd, unseen,  
 Behind a seeming open honest Mien,  
 Or in the Veil of pure Religion dress'd ;  
 Vice keeps her Court in the Professor's Breast,  
 Where Subtlety the Garb of Wisdom wears,  
 And Avarice the Stamp of Prudence bears ;  
 Thence aided, with Facility convey  
 Words to delude, and Gestures to betray.  
 Yet such, too oft the Error of Mankind,  
 To Riches suppliant, and to Merit blind,  
 That, tho' drawn by delicious Gain's fond Dreams,  
 The greedy Wretch a Thousand various Schemes,

To

To circumvent a Brother, shou'd devise,  
 (If golden Profits does from thence arise)  
 Whilst the poor unsuspecting Victim bleeds,  
 Successes sanctify th' Oppressor's Deeds ;  
 Prosperity's Advance bids Censure flee,  
 Commands th' applauding Voice, the ready Knee,  
 And on e'en cruel Acts this Title draws,  
 " Self-Preservation," first of Nature's Laws.  
 In Temp'ral Right and Wrong by Turns prevail,  
 As outward Circumstances guide the Scale ;  
 Man's Judgment works by superficial View,  
 What Indigence alledges may be true,  
 Wealth does a Sanction claim to be believ'd ;  
 Thus Men post on, deceiving and deceiv'd,  
 'Till other Worlds shall on their Eye-lids beam  
 Th' important Errors of Life's idle Dream,  
 And to astonish'd Mortal's View display  
 The Wonders of the Resurrection Day ;  
 Sever'd from Falshood, radiant Truth shall here,  
 As the meridian spotless Sun appear,

Where





Who long unheeded cry'd, unpity'd lay,  
 Whilst he fared sumptuously each passing Day;  
 Raiment superb his Body did adorn,  
 Splendidly varying ev'ry rising Morn;  
 At large he rang'd thro' Pleasure's wide Domain  
 And transient Honours glitter'd in his Train;  
 Surrounding Slaves attended, at his Nod,  
 To minister to this terrestrial God,  
 Within whose Bosom Pity sought a Seat,  
 But there cou'd find no Mansion or Retreat;  
 Benevolence with Virtue next address'd,  
 But was forbid an Entrance to his Breast;  
 Against their Reign his haughty Soul rebell'd,  
 And thence the mild Triumvirate expell'd;  
 \*Deaf to Distress, with Arrogance and Pride  
 He all Relief to Nature's Wants deny'd;  
 When Cruelty did his hard Heart impel,  
 T' refuse the Crumbs that from his Table fell,  
 Which the poor starving Suff'rer wish'd t' obtain,  
 And humbly su'd for, but he su'd in vain,

Yet

Yet patient bore (when Dogs came round his Sores)  
 His humble Lot, nor grudg'd the Glutton's Stores :  
 Now blest Reverse ! what clust'ring Joys combine,  
 Permanent, perfect, tranquil, pure, divine,  
 To glad the Soul of each accepted Guest,  
 Each meet Partaker of the heav'nly Feast ;  
 Which Time's imperious Tyrants shall survey  
 With Horror in the Retribution Day,  
 And antedate, by Flames of Terror stung,  
 Water-deny'd to cool the parching Tongue,  
 With this Reply, " when thy rich Streams did flow,\*  
 " To other's Woes thou didst not Pity show,  
 " Therefore 'tis thine in Torment to remain,  
 " And his to reap th' Reward of all his Pain."  
 Thence with t' avoid the Judge, whose Eye doth scan  
 Whate'er was Mortal, and whate'er was Man ;  
 The Quick and Dead thro' Earth, from End to End,  
 Who gather'd by his Angels, here attend ;

L 2

Whatever

\* St. Luke, c. xvi. verse 25. — " But Abraham said, Son, remember  
 that thou in thy Life-Time receivest thy good Things, and Lazarus evil  
 Things : But now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Whatever was their Function, Title, Name;  
 To endless Glory, or to endless Shame;  
 The Great, the Small, the Coward, and the Brave,  
 The scepter'd Sultan, and the fetter'd Slave,  
 Distinction past, will here unmindful stand,  
 Which exercis'd Obedience, which Command;  
 In what did either glory or complain,  
 When this forgoes his Crown, that quits his Chain?  
 Contending Nations cited to the Bar,  
 In all the horrid Rage of cruel War,  
 No more the Implements of Slaughter wield,  
 Nor seek the transient Honours of the Field;  
 False, for true Fame, no longer's understood,  
 Quench'd is the raging Thirst for hostile Blood:  
 A gen'ral Change all Nature doth sustain,  
 No Pleasure springs but from mild Mercy's Reign,  
 True Peace resides with Purity alone,  
 And perfect Happiness is Virtue's own;  
 Pursuit of Earthly Pleasures, Love of Ease,  
 Riotous Nights, and vain luxurious Days,

Pow'r



Pow'r misapply'd, and precious Hours mispent,  
 If Thought recalls, 'tis only to torment,  
 When Adam's Issue here divided stand,\*  
 Ready for Sentence, rang'd on either Hand  
 The righteous Judge, he'll first unto the Right  
 Incline, infusing unconceiv'd Delight,  
 "Faithful and Good, no more shall Ills annoy  
 "You, freely enter to your Master's Joy."†  
 Here the glad Feelings of the meanest Saint  
 Exceed what Thought can guess, or Language  
 paint,  
 All Efforts to illustrate them must fail,  
 And raptur'd Wonder draws a glorious Veil.  
 Then to the Left he'll in just Anger turn,  
 Who on their Sin-pierc'd God will look and mourn,  
 When

\* St. Matthew, c. xxv. verses 32 and 33.—"And before him shall be gathered together all Nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a Shepherd divideth his Sheep from the Goats: And he shall set the Sheep on his Right-hand, but the Goats on the Left."

† St. Matthew, c. xxv. verse 21.—"Well done thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord."

When they behold, in the decisive Hour,  
 How bright his Glory, and how great his Pow'r;  
 No Balsam's near to ease the raging Smart,  
 Inflicted by the dreadful Sound, *depart!*  
 I know thee not, consign'd to Depths of Hell,  
 In Chains of Darkness, never-ending, dwell! §  
 Then tho' they rail against the Heav'n's, the Earth,  
 Abhor their Being, curse their Hour of Birth;  
 Yet from each Heart shall this Confession spring,  
 "Just are thy Judgments, O transcendent King!"  
 This Process done, sep'rate the Crowd retire ||  
 To Courts of Bliss, and Lakes of endless Fire:  
 More brilliant Suns shall light the new-spread Skies,  
 New Heav'n's appear, and a new Earth arise. †  
 What Token shall precede, what Sign declare,  
 This awful, this momentous Period near?

By

§ St. Matthew, c. xxv. verse 41.—"Then shall he say unto them on the Left-hand, depart from me, ye Cursed, into everlasting Fire, &c."

|| St. Matthew, c. xxv. verse 46.—"And these shall go away into everlasting Punishment, but the Righteous into Life eternal."

† Revelations, c. xxi. verse 1.—"And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth, &c."

By what Device its dread Approach be learn'd,  
 In which all Nature is so much concern'd?  
 That Day (yet hid from the co-equal Son)†  
 We're told by those Events will be forerun:  
 State Diff'rences shall give great Sorrows Birth,  
 And dire Convulsions rend the spacious Earth;  
 Nation 'gainst Nation rise, fell War's Alarms  
 To Battle rouse, and clothe the World in Arms;‡  
 Contentions strike the Calls of Nature mute,  
 Households divide, & Friends with Friends dispute;  
 Peace routed fly, the raging Sword deface  
 Widow and Orphan 'mongst the human Race;  
 Yet whilst each Day encreasing Mis'ries show,  
 Big with new Terrors, and fresh Scenes of Woe,  
 Earthquakes and Famine, Pestilence and Storm,§  
 Sent to awaken, shall in vain perform

Their

† St. Mark, c. xiii. verse 32.—“ But of that Day and that Hour knoweth no Man; no, not the Angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.”

‡ St. Mark, c. xiii. verse 8.—“ For Nation shall rise against Nation, and Kingdom against Kingdom :

§ “ And there shall be Earthquakes in divers Places, and there shall be Famines and Troubles,”



Their Offices with those who Conscience lull,  
 And Sin secure 'till Guilt's wide Measure's full.  
 Something sure like this Prelude is begun,  
 Brother with Brother strives, the Sire with Son ;\*  
 Destructions threat, and (by divine Command)  
 Invade each Corner of this guilty Land ;  
 Home Factions gen'ral Harmony o'erwhelm,  
 Intestine Broils depopulate the Realm ;  
 Full in our Sight our daring Foes infest,  
 Driving Repose from the affrighted Breast ;  
 The Hero's Prowess every where surrounds,  
 Who deals in Slaughter, Massacre, and Wounds,  
 Thro' Lanes of Death, Ambitious Palm t' explore,  
 He wades Knee-deep in Streams of human Gore ;  
 All mutual Trust and Confidence are fled,  
 Vindictive Banners o'er the Earth are spread ;  
 E'en kindred Countries, in small Points withstood,  
 Drain with Impunity each other's Blood :

Without

\* St. Mark, c. xiii. verse 12.—“ Now the Brother shall betray the Brother to Death, and the Father the Son, &c.”

Without Remorse (too oft') keen Arrows send  
 Into the Bosom of some once-lov'd Friend ;  
 Subduing Nature's Plea, the rashly Brave  
 Puts out that Life the self-same Mother gave ;  
 Thus turning on themselves, their Arms employ  
 Where each shou'd aid, to ruin and destroy ;  
 Exhausting Strength and Wealth, that Force forego  
 Both shou'd retain to scourge the mutual Foe,  
 Who works by treacherous Means t' obtain their  
 Ends,

Deceive, and then destroy their new-leagued Friends;  
 To conquer Albion, lord it o'er the Waves,  
 Then drop the Mask, and stamp them Gallia's Slaves.  
 E'en now, with haughty Port and naval Pride,\*  
 Numerous, and dauntless, they triumphant ride,  
 Still hovering round our Coasts, their deep Design  
 The most Discerning's puzzled to divine :

M

But

\* This Part of the Poem was written in 1779, about the Time when the combined Fleets appeared off Falmouth, which gave so much Terror to the Inhabitants of that and the adjacent Places.

But the loud Cannon on the smoaking Main  
 Will soon, 'tis thought, their Embassy explain,  
 Bloodshed with Horror mark the flying Ball,  
 And the poor Remnant wretched Captives fall !  
 Shou'd they o'ercome, (how dreadful 'tis to think  
 On the dire Precipice of Ruin's Brink !)  
 Our Homes they'll then enjoy, our Labour's Fruit,  
 And pluck up pure Religion by its Root ;  
 Spread Devastation, pull Distinctions down,  
 And ravage from the Cottage to the Crown.  
 This Crisis nearly view'd must sure impart  
 A Spark of Terror to the stoutest Heart ;  
 Whence, to preserve that Freedom Nature gave,  
 Old Age turns active, and the Coward brave ;  
 Resistance animates, our Country's Need  
 Calls to the Field, where countless Numbers bleed,  
 Whose Offspring destitute, (to Sorrows born,)  
 A thankless People may behold with Scorn,  
 Nor one soft Look in gentle Pity spare  
 To sooth their Griefs, to mitigate their Care ;



No Help afford, nor kind Assistance lend,  
 Distress being lonesome, and can claim no Friend;  
 Howe'er procur'd, base is an abject State,  
 'Tis criminal to be unfortunate :  
 Unless with those to whom is largely given  
 Good-will to Man, and Prevalence with Heaven,  
 Whose Intercessions do its Wrath assuage,  
 And keep up Vengeance from this erring Age ; †  
 While threat'ning Dangers every-where surround,  
 Yet shameful Vice and Infamy abound ;  
 Not trusting in the Strength of Sword nor Spear  
 Turn humbly to the Lord in fervent Prayer ;  
 For Aid upon the God of Battles call,  
 Without whom e'en a Sparrow shall not fall. ||  
 Whilst Others join to stigmatize the Times,  
 Those strive to stem the Torrent of its Crimes,

M<sub>2</sub>

Which

† Exodus, c. xx. verse 6.—“And shewing Mercy unto Thousands in them that love me, and keep my Commandments.”

St. Matthew, c. x. verse 29.—“Are not two Sparrows sold for a Farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the Ground without your Father.”

Which clad in various Shapes, bare-fac'd appear,  
 To wound the Eye, and shock the virtuous Ear;  
 Bold Blasphemy, Pride, Luxury, debase,  
 And taint the Morals of the human Race;  
 Alike Old Age, Manhood, and blooming Youth,  
 With horrid Imprecations bind the Truth;  
 As if plain Words the Hearers wou'd deceive,  
 And without Oaths Mankind cou'd not believe.  
 Down in foul Currents this Contagion runs  
 From impious Fathers to their infant Sons,  
 Too many hapless Babes (this Age doth show)  
 Who can blaspheme e'er say the Cris-Cross Row,  
 Whilst thoughtless Parents, of such Promptness vain,  
 Well-pleas'd the lisp'd Impiety explain,  
 Applaud the prattling Wit, and (smiling) say  
 " He knows no Ill, and is too young to pray."  
 What purblind Folly can with this compare?  
 Too young to pray, yet old enough to swear;  
 In those mistaken Thoughts what Danger lies,  
 From early Negligence what Mischiefs rise!

Familiar Vice doth powerful Ills impart,  
 Which clouds each Seed of Virtue in the Heart,  
 Whilst growing Time but more confirms the Tongue  
 With Lying varnish'd, and with Curfes hung.  
 Who fins uncheck'd, e'er fenfible of Crimes,  
 Weaves a large Web of Woe for After-Times;  
 Ill Habits cherifh'd in Life's tender Spring  
 At Puberty's Advance more nearly cling;  
 And Nonage thus, in Chriftian Ign'rance run,  
 To Manhood starts, corrupted and undone:  
 Then Fear and Shame fubdu'd, Remorfe withftood,  
 At Paffion's Call he'd drink a Brother's Blood,  
 And, when fierce Anger does the Mind inflame,  
 Curfe e'en thofe Parents whence his Being came,  
 Who now, too late, (in mutual Confort) mourn  
 Their ill-tim'd Fondnefs, and its bafe Return;  
 Look back with Horror on the fatal Morn  
 And heavy Hour when fuch a Wretch was born;  
 Their woe-fill'd Souls do every Comfort wave,  
 Whilst Sorrow draws them to the filent Grave.

Children



Children are sure by Heav'n in Mercy meant  
 To fill the human Breast with sweet Content,  
 Heighten the Joys of Life, its Cares assuage,  
 Lighten its pond'rous Load, and comfort Age,  
 Being pronounc'd in the divine Record \*  
 An Heritage presented from the Lord ;  
 A precious Treasure sent from Sion down  
 To crown with Honour, Peace, and fair Renown :  
 When early nurtur'd in the Way of Truth,  
 And Piety's imprest in budding Youth ; §  
 From well-tun'd Lips what grateful Incense spring  
 To hail the Ears of Sion's gracious King,  
 Whose ready Answer, from his Azure Height,  
 Glides to the Soul in Rays of heav'nly Light,  
 Where ripening Graces with new Fragrance bloom,  
 Expanding wide, and shed a rich Perfume.

Delightful

\* Psalm cxvii. verse 4. 6. — "Lo, Children and the Fruit of the Womb are an Heritage and Gift that cometh of the Lord ; happy is the Man that hath his Quiver full of them," &c.

§ "Train up a Child in the Way that he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Delightful Task t' ingraft Religion's Root,  
 And " teach the young Ideas how to shoot ;"  
 By timely Admonitions to prepare  
 The Mind for Heaven, with peculiar Care !  
 That no Capacity may claim Excuse,  
 For this neglected, to the Soul's Abuse,  
 Suited thereto we various Morals find,  
 Form'd to enlarge and animate the Mind ;  
 Genuine Instructions, from th'unerring Pen  
 Of prudent, wise, and truly pious Men,  
 To quicken Conscience, Vice's Reign repell,  
 Check the wild Passions when they wou'd rebel ;  
 Restrain the Sallies of unguarded Youth,  
 Instill mild Pity, Charity, and Truth ;  
 Correct the Will, and happily invest  
 Enlighten'd Reason in the opening Breast ;  
 Thro' easy Precepts lead, betimes inspire  
 With Grace, and Virtue's noble Ardour fire,  
 Where dwells Amusement with Persuasion join'd,  
 They gently steal upon the tender Mind,

Excite

Excite to Good, sensual Enticements lull,  
 Nor cramp the Genius, nor the Spirits dull,  
 But oft' enforc'd, procure the Heart to prove  
 Below a Type of Seraphs' Bliss above,  
 And form the Infant on the surest Plan  
 To grow in Favour both with God and Man.  
 When thus we make our Children's Souls our Care,  
 And fix the Rudiments of Learning there,  
 By Precept and Example both combine  
 T' instruct, we're aided by the Hand divine;  
 No Pain attends the laudable Employ,  
 But tranquil Pleasure and a temp'rate Joy,  
 Which greater Treasures to the Heart unfold  
 Than Banks of Silver, or the purest Gold; \*  
 And more resplendent, lasting Honour brings  
 Than India's Wealth, or Crowns of earthly Kings.  
 Surely those are superlatively blest  
 Who leave their Children Virtue's mild Bequest,  
(Their

\* St. Luke, c. ix. verse 25.—“For what is a Man advantaged if he gain the whole World, and lose himself, or be cast away?



(Their Names shall be rever'd from Age to Age,  
 And blossom down to Time's remotest Stage.)  
 Thus aiding pure Religion to revive,  
 And thro' succeeding Generations thrive, †  
 Which may, by Faith and Piety sincere,  
 Avert the Judgments we now feel or fear,  
 The gracious Ear of righteous Heav'n dispose  
 To heal our Sins, and save us from our Foes;  
 Their Force united cause us to withstand,  
 And shield by sov'reign Pow'r this favour'd Land  
 From cruel Bondage, Tyranny, and Rome,  
 And, 'till prepar'd, defer our Day of Doom;  
 Bid Harmony and Peace again to spring,  
 Unite the People, and reward our King,  
 Whose gracious Meaning ev'ry Action shows,  
 The gen'ral Good, and true Religion's Cause,  
 Which freely, under his auspicious Smile,  
 Reigns unmolested in the British Isle,

N

Invites

† Psalm ciii. verse 17.— "But the merciful Goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him: and his Righteousness upon Children's Children."

Invites each Heart to join the Christian Band,  
 In mild Obedience to high Heav'n's Command :  
 Nor need e'en Pride the humble Work disown,  
 Whilst the bright Pattern sparkles from the Throne,  
 Whence ev'ry Day unfeign'd Petitions rise  
 To that great Pow'r who rules the lucid Skies,  
 And does in Mercy guilty Thousands spare  
 Thro' the warm Virtues of the Royal Pair.  
 Their Issue, taught Humility and Grace,  
 Bids fair to dignify the human Race,  
 And to our View a long Succession brings  
 T' supply this Monarchy with Christian Kings,  
 Whose Bosoms glow with Sentiments refin'd,  
 Such as informs great George's royal Mind ;  
 Where Piety hath fix'd her placid Seat,  
 Being truly Good, and *therefore* truly Great :  
 His sympathetic Breast our Woes does feel,  
 Thence (ever anxious for his Subjects' Weal)  
 Desiring Peace, with Honour, to return,  
 And glad those Hearts which now in Sorrow mourn,  
He

He wou'd the bloody Controverfy end,  
 Nor longer with America contend,  
 (To fuch unnat'ral War a Truce afford,  
 And to a Plough-shear turn the reeking Sword)  
 If this much-wish'd Event cou'd be obtain'd  
 Without his Rule being scorn'd, or Glory stain'd.  
 Long may that bright untainted Wreath be his,  
 With the calm Transports of domestic Blifs,  
 Which does with soft Delights the Heart dilate  
 To recompense the weighty Cares of State;  
 And when in Peace, long hence, he yields his Breath,  
 (Leaning submissive to the Stroke of Death)  
 May his Progressive still our Sons command,  
 They chearfully obey with ready Hand,  
 Nor know Dispute, Contention, or Debate,  
 But who shall be most faithful to the State;  
 Nor Albion e'er, to Time's last Period down,  
 A Brunswick want to wear Britannia's Crown.  
 By fuch a bright Example now inspir'd,  
 And with a glorious Emulation fir'd,



Wou'd but the People with the Prince combine  
 To deprecate the Flame of Wrath divine,  
 Each future Act by Virtue's Dictates square,  
 And frame our Lives to one incessant Pray'r,\*  
 By Unison of Heart conjointly prove  
 That Peace resulting from fraternal Love,  
 Then all Distrust, all home-bred Faction's fled,  
 Commerce again shall raise her drooping Head;  
 Distress and Famine, with their rueful Train,  
 Be straightway exil'd England's fair Domain;  
 Whilst we receive from sov'reign Mercy's Hand  
 Such plenteous Streams as flow thro' Goshen's Land,  
 New Blessings taste as Days and Years increase,  
 Our Children's Children see, and Israel's Peace;†  
 At rest with Man, and reconcil'd to God,  
 By gentle Steps descend to Death's Abode.  
 And whether in this Plot, or yonder Isle  
 We lye, or rest beneath some distant Pile,

It

\* Pray without ceasing.

† Psalm cxxviii. verse 7.—“Yea, thou shalt see thy Children's Children, and Peace upon Israel.”

It matters not—our Dust refin'd shall rise,  
And unpolluted reach the smiling Skies ;  
Our blisfull Friends with holy Raptures meet,  
And bathe in living Streams at Jesus' Feet ;  
Where mutual Transports will our Pow'rs employ  
Thro' endless Ages of unfading Joy.





A N  
E L O G Y  
O N T H E L A T E  
Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WALKER,  
Who was many Years CURATE of *Truro*.

---

WALKER! what Virtue e'er shone bright  
as thine?

Precept on Precept, thou, and Line on Line,  
Didst urge with Fervour, the pure Word apply'd,  
Taught'st Jesus only, Jesus crucify'd!  
No Time, nor Pains in lab'ring didst thou spare,  
Thy Soul and Flock thou mad'st thine only Care:  
Faith's foremost Champion! who its Battles fought;  
Not Man's Applause, but Heav'n's Acceptance  
fought.

Heroic

Heroic Christian! to each Soul sincere,  
 Kind to Distress, but unto Sin severe,  
 Whereto, unaw'd, thou wou'dst Conviction bring,  
 Tho' center'd in the Bosom of a King.  
 Were Earth's first Potentate to lay thee down  
 His ruling Sceptre and resplendant Crown,  
 Thy steady Virtue wou'd abhor the Thought  
 To gloss his Crimes, or sooth him in a Fault;  
 Proof 'gainst Temptation all thy Powers did rise,  
 To please th' all-glorious Former of the Skies;  
 The Peace of him alone (not Joys of Sense)  
 Thou fought'st, nor Martyrdom cou'd tear thee  
                   thence;  
 Unmovable in Faith still firmly stood,  
 Wash'd in pure Streams of the Redeemer's Blood;  
 Didst Persecution's Iron Rod beguile,  
 And baffle Rancour with an holy Smile,  
 Which crown'd thy manly Form, whilst with soft  
                   Grace  
 Religion broke round thy benignant Face.

Tutor'd

Tutor'd from Heav'n, to God and Nature true,  
 Thy Lectures held Man's Mirror up to View;  
 From those Discourses flew the pointed Dart  
 Which reach'd the inmost Corners of the Heart,  
 So fram'd, so model'd, to the human Plan,  
 Each Hearer, in himself, discern'd the Man:  
 Portray'd, the Unrenew'd beheld his Faults,  
 And wonder'd how thou could'st describe his  
     Thoughts,

Whilst with unwearied Vigilance and Pain  
 Thou strov'dst to free him from Sin's galling Chain,  
 When on that long-past memorable Day\*  
 Thou bad'st the conscious Mind herself survey;  
 Thine Arguments did with such Lustre shine,  
 (Substantial, incontestible, divine,)  
 That Conscience rous'd, alike in old and young,  
 Echo'd those Strains on which Conviction hung;

O

And

\* The Day of Humiliation on Account of the great Earthquake at Lisbon, whereon Mr. Walker very pathetically discours'd on those Words:  
 —“ Turn ye! turn ye! For why will you die, O House of Israel?”



And Souls recoil'd beneath th' alarming Sound,  
 As if another Earthquake shook the Ground :  
 Whilst from the Pulpit thou, with heaving Sighs,  
 Inviting Attitude, and streaming Eyes,  
 Cry'dst, " hark, my People, to the Voice of God !  
 Behold his Judgments in the Earth abroad ;  
 Repent ye now your Sins, in Sackcloth mourn,  
 O turn ye, turn ye, House of Israel turn !  
 Or let me by a Term more dear apply,  
 People of Truro turn ! why will you die ?  
 For your Salvation what wou'd not be giv'n,  
 Or suffer'd ? short of Banishment from Heav'n,  
 By me, that one Reserve alone I'd make,  
 And to effect it set my Life at stake :  
 Let not the World and Sense your Minds enthrall,  
 For your Soul's Sake hear your Redeemer's Call  
 Thro' me, who'll labour to my latest Breath  
 To warn my People from eternal Death."  
 Those pow'rful Accents, persevering Saint,  
 Description meerly human cannot paint,

Nor

Nor represent that holy glowing Flame  
 Which animated all thy vital Frame,  
 When Heav'n (for righteous Ends) did thee impel,  
 In perfect Health, to take a long Farewell  
 Of those whose Souls thou'dst prun'd with pious Care,  
 And for them lifted up the fervent Pray'r.  
 How strenuous on that prophetic Morn-  
 Didst thou entreat, exhort, convict, and warn?  
 What heav'nly Passions did thy Bosom move?  
 How great thy Labour, and how strong thy Love?  
 In Sounds, which Seraphs might applauding hear,  
 Thou pour'dst Conviction in the Sinner's Ear;

O 2

From

¶ The Day preceding that in which Mr. Walker was taken with that fatal Illness which terminated in Death, he preached a most awful and awakening Sermon, wherein (tho' then in perfect Health) this inspir'd Divine address'd his People as if he was on his Death-Bed, recounted many Particulars of his past Life, and dwelt very strongly on that Part of it wherein he had officiated (under God) as the Shepherd of their Souls. This valuable Discourse, amongst others of Mr. Walker's, is now extant, and contains many Expressions of which a faint Description is here attempted, the Imperfections whereof, it is hoped, will be excus'd by the candid Public, as the Editor was very young when these Sermons were preached and writes only from bare Memory, having never read nor heard them since the Demise of that faithful Servant of Christ, which is now about 20 Years.

From Heav'n's bright Quiver drew thy chosen Dart,  
 And pierc'd with keen Remorse th' obdurate Heart,  
 Which throb'd with poignant Terror at the Stroke,  
 And almost wou'd embrace the christian Yoke,  
 But Pleasure pleads, he'd fain the Conflict fly,  
 Yet sunk beneath thy penetrating Eye,  
 Which Sin did to its inmost Den pursue,  
 And brought forth Death and Judgment unto view.  
 Methinks those Words still vibrate on my Ear,  
 "If I'm acquitted, where will you appear ?  
 In the last Day, when the just Judge demands  
 Your precious Souls out of your Shepherd's  
 Hands,

The Question thus, thus must the Answer run,  
 What hast thou ? Lord, thou know'st what I have  
 done.  
 My Friends, repent, reform without Delay,  
 This is the Time ! 'tis your Salvation Day !  
 Embrace it now ! lest you in Sorrow mourn  
 This gracious Season, which will ne'er return ;

Perhaps



Perhaps no more we here may meet again,  
 You to attend and my weak Tongue explain,  
 E'er the next Sabbath's morning Sun shall rise,  
 You, you, or I, in Death may close our Eyes ;  
 If I'm the Man, if my frail Glafs be run,  
 I now submit, thy Will, O Lord, be done.  
 In thee secure, whenever thou dost Call,  
 Passive, at thy Command, I yield my Soul :  
 But snatch my People from Destruction's Brink !  
 Forgive their Follies, at their Ign'rance wink ;  
 Defend from Ruin by thy mighty Pow'r  
 Their Souls, and guide them to the Heav'nly Shore.  
 Brethren, farewell ! (if thus the Fiat stands,)  
 Here from your Blood I clear my guiltless Hands ;  
 Yet be entreated your own selves to save,  
 O ! hear my Cries just sinking to the Grave,  
 In Life's full Tide beware the Rocks and Shoals,  
 Massacre not your never-dying Souls ;  
 Recall to Mind th' Entreaties, Prayers, and Tears,  
 With which I've strove thro' a long Train of Years

T' persuade the Sensualist t' his Sins forsake,  
 And rouse the stupid Sluggard to awake;  
 In watchful Care endur'd unto the End,  
 And with yourselves did for yourselves contend.  
 If you've forgot, th' omniscient Pow'r on high  
 Hath mark'd them all, and you'll be judg'd thereby  
 In that great Hour, when I must Witness bear  
 Against those Souls whom now I love so dear,  
 Wou'd wish to shield from everlasting Harms,  
 And fly to Canaan with you in my Arms."  
 Thus (with an Angel's Eloquence and Force)  
 Ran this pathetic Pastor's last Discourse  
 Unto that Flock, for whose eternal Health  
 He'd sacrific'd Advancement, Ease, and Wealth,  
 And who (as Need requir'd) did freely share  
 His Purse, his Aid, his Council, and his Care;  
 His Breast glow'd with no secondary Fires,  
 No carnal Views, nor covetous Desires,  
 But for th' exceeding great unseen Reward  
 Still labour'd in the Vineyard of his Lord;

Daily he did the holy Toil renew,  
 And constantly his Master's Work pursue;  
 Planted and water'd with the Hand of Love,  
 Yet humbly begg'd the Increase from above;  
 Year after Year to intercede the Sound,  
 "Quick cut it down, why cumb'reth it the Ground?"  
 This, of his People's Souls the Bosom Friend,  
 Still cry'd, "Great God! again thy Wrath suspend,  
 Lay not the Axe too hasty to the Root,  
 And in due Season it may bring forth Fruit;  
 Add one more to the Number of its Years,\*  
 Thy Servant will refresh it with his Tears,  
 And whilst these do as copious Rivers flow,  
 Dig round and dress it with thy Gospel Law."  
 Thus was this Christian's Heart alone inclin'd,  
 To proselyte to Heav'n, and save Mankind:  
 Life's Pleasures he declin'd, its Pomp forsook,  
 To fill th' important Office which he took;

A

\* "Lord, let it alone this Year also, &c."—A Text Mr. Walker frequently made Use of on the first Day of the new Year.



A Guardian faithful, exemplary just  
 Unto those Souls committed to his Trust;  
 Unaw'd by Titles, Pow'r, Estate, or Birth;  
 He chid the mighty Rebel Sons of Earth;  
 "Ye potent Worms! whose Corn & Wine's Increase  
 Immerge your Souls in a fallacious Peace,  
 Whereto you say, Perplex thyself no more,  
 For many Years here's Goods laid up in Store;  
 Then take thy Range in Life's gay Round untir'd;  
 Thou Fool! this Night thy Soul shall be requir'd;  
 Death shall divide between thy Wealth and thee!  
 Then whose will all thine hoarded Treasures be?  
 Rouse ye to the great Work without Delay,  
 Compleat your Task whilst it be call'd To-day,  
 For Night ere long shall spread her dark Domain,  
 And all your Efforts then will be in vain.  
 Iniquity with contrite Hearts deplore,  
 Break off your Sins by Mercies to the Poor;  
 Lay up your Treasure where's Reward for Toil,  
 Where Thieves can't plunder, nor Corruption spoil."

Thus

Thus (as there's no Repentance in the Tomb)  
 Avert Heav'n's Vengeance and the Wrath to come,  
 You that in Wisdom, Youth, or Strength confide,  
 And set your own Mortality aside,  
 'Till a long Season hence, which now appears  
 Plac'd in the Rear of many circling Years,  
 Thinking to you (amongst the Sons of Men)  
 The Number ascertain'd, *Three Score and Ten*;  
 Wherein you may all Sciences explore,  
 Or for your future Heirs heap Store on Store,  
 Partake Life's Pleasures at the Fountain Head,  
 And leave Repentance to a dying Bed.  
 Deluded Mortal ! Soul secure arise !  
 And unto yonder Plot direct your Eyes ;  
 There croud the Graves of those whom late you knew  
 To be as wise, as young, as strong as you,  
 These quickly summon'd to their final Home,  
 Aloud proclaim your Kindred to the Tomb.  
 Ye poor young Creatures, thoughtless, vain, & gay,  
 Who widely in the Paths of Error stray,

To those important Truths awhile attend,  
 On which your everlasting States depend ;  
 In Prime of Youth my much-lov'd Children hear  
 The earnest Pleadings of a Soul sincere,  
 Which for the Follies of your blooming Years  
 Dissolves in Pity, and o'erflows with Tears :  
 In filial Rev'rence, Pray'r, and grateful Praise,  
 Serve your Creator in your early Days,  
 Then Death for you no poignant Sting shall find,  
 Nor youthful Crime lye heavy on the Mind.  
 Soon will the Years draw nigh and Days come on  
 When you shall say Life's transient Joys are gone.  
 Ye tender Plants, regard my earnest Prayer,  
 Consider what Heav'n's Oracles declare !  
 "Young Man rejoice, and let thy Heart thee chear,  
 In Youth's gay Hours bend not to Thought nor Fear:  
 Yet for these Things know thine Almighty King  
 Will thee arraign and into Judgment bring."  
 Ye Worldly Wise ! who prostitute your Breath  
 T'obtain those Honours incident to Death,

The'



Tho' you with Tongues of Men and Angels speak,  
 Tho' Elders listen when you Silence break,  
 Your Eloquence capacious Volumes swell,  
 Myst'ries unravel and Events foretell,  
 Yet, void of heav'nly Wisdom, those shall pass  
 As tinkling Cymbals, or as sounding Brass.  
 Be wise indeed, nor build with Pains your Fame,  
 Where while some Men approve, some others blame,  
 And raise your Fabrick on a nobler Plan  
 Than the Opinion of capricious Man.  
 For should bright Wit and sterling Sense unite  
 The undivided Plaudit to excite,  
 Know ye, those Parts which worldly Men applaud  
 Is Folly in the perfect Sight of God,  
 Who does the self-sufficient Mind desert  
 And for his Mansion chuse the humble Heart,  
 This Residence being, in his holy Eyes,  
 Second to none, and Rival to the Skies ;\*  
 Ye Strong and Healthful, Heirs to Beds of Dust,  
 Who in your Nerves and Sinews put your Trust,

\* Young's Night-Thoughts.

Learn hence, (that tho' you unimpair'd remain  
 From inward Anguish or exterior Pain)  
 Th' Almighty Power who out of Chaos brought,  
 Can in an Instant sink thee into nought;  
 No longer then Omnipotence withstand,  
 Obnoxious Creature of his forming Hand!  
 Who knows the Number of the Stars of Heav'n,  
 And calls them by the Names himself has giv'n,  
 He rules the Winds, the swelling Floods commands  
 And holds them in the Hollow of his Hands.  
 At his Direction rapid Light'ning flies,  
 And Thunders rumble thro' th' vaulted Skies,  
 Earthquakes embogue, and Storm or Flame devour,  
 Sped by the Breath of his vindictive Pow'r.  
 He actuates too thy Frame, governs thy Breath,  
 And but a Step hath plac'd twixt thee and Death.\*  
 Thus did this Christian Hero wage, thro' Life,  
 With Sin and Vice an unabating Strife,

The

\* "There is but a Step betwixt Thee and Death."—The Text of an  
 awful Discourse, delivered by Mr. Walker at the Funeral of a young  
 Man, who was drowned bathing on a Sunday.

The strait Ascent to Heav'n unvarying trod,  
 And still went forth in the great Pow'r of God  
 To comfort the Oppress'd, th' Intrepid wound,  
 And shed the Waters of Salvation round.  
 His solid Reas'nings, wing'd with holy Zeal,  
 The Dead in Trespases and Sins did feel ;  
 He caus'd the Blind to gaze on open Day,  
 And chas'd the Clouds of Ignorance away.  
 Lepers he brought to cleanse in Jesu's Blood,  
 And Babes instructed in the Law of God.  
 In Public did the bold Offender call,  
 And in his Closet taught the seeking Soul ;  
 All those athirst for Righteousness he took  
 To quench their Drought in Jordan's limpid Brook ;  
 The Hungry unto Pastures fair he led,  
 Where they their famish'd Souls on Manna fed,  
 Which heav'nly Nurture to the Spirit yields,  
 And ever springs in Canaan's fertile Fields ;  
 Thither, from baneful Dews and pinching Cold,  
 This faithful Herdsman drew his Sheep to Fold,

Guarded



Guarded with Care, and watch'd them on the Way,  
 Left from the Path their erring Feet shou'd stray.  
 Distinguish'd Flock, with such a Shepherd blest,  
 Sure Guide, safe Pilot, to eternal Rest :

Thrice happy those who made his Rules their Choice,  
 And chearfully obey'd his well-known Voice,  
 Who will present them undefil'd to Heav'n,  
 Saying, "here am I, & these whom thou hast giv'n."

The glorious King receives them to his Peace,  
 And bids his faithful Steward's Joys increase ;  
 In swelling Tides of Bliss which know no Bound,  
 Thro' vast Eternity's amazing Round,  
 Exquisite, varying, to delight his Soul  
 Who did the airy Prince's Pow'rs controul,  
 From their strong Holds his rebel League expel,  
 Trampled on Sin, and triumph'd over Hell.

T H E  
L O R D's P R A Y E R,  
P A R A P H R A S E D.

---

**R**EGENT of Heav'n ! wherein thou art,  
Father of all below ;  
From thee to every filial Heart  
What plenteous Pleasures flow ?  
Let lowly Reverence possess,  
And holy Zeal inflame  
Our Hearts, when we draw nigh to blest  
Thine ever-hallow'd Name ;  
Which be from henceforth ne'er profan'd,  
Nor idly us'd in vain ;  
But to declare thy Glory great,  
Thy mystic Love explain.

Who hears our Prayers, Petitions grants,

Alleviates Nature's Strife ;

Our Sorrows feels, knows all our Wants,

And holds our Souls in Life.

With Hell's strong Legions strait contend,

Rescue the Human Race ;

To Earth's remotest Corners send

The Kingdom of thy Grace :

The Number of thy Saints compleat,

Recall each Wanderer home ;

Satan and Sin subdue, and let

Thy Glory's Kingdom come.

In Earth, as in the Realms on high,

Whilst Days their Courses run,

Let none against thy Will reply,

Thy Pleasure Lord be done.

Whose Thoughts are not like those of Men,

For in thy holy Sight

The Heav'ns appear unclean; sure then,

What e'er thou wilt it is right.

Our



Our daily Sustenance provide

This Day, Sin's Pow'r controul ;

And let thy Peace within abide,

To nourish every Soul.

Those Crimes which drain'd a Saviour's Blood,

And loud for Vengeance cry,

Forgive, tho' they in Magnitude

With ponderous Mountains vie ;

As we towards our Brother move,

Whose Breast with Rage does burn,

Striving to quench his Hate with Love,

And Good for Ill return :

This, of ourselves, we can't atchieve,

But tho' thy Grace from hence

Restrains us, that we never give,

Nor lightly take Offence.

From rife Temptation's powerful Charm

Withhold thy erring Sheep,

From Evil by thy mighty Arm,

Our Souls and Bodies keep.

The Kingdom's thine, above, below,  
 Thine is the regal Seat,  
 And more than all e'en Seraphs know  
 Of potent, high, and great.  
 We'll greet each Morning with thy Praise,  
 At Night renew the same;  
 And everlasting Trophies raise  
 To thine all glorious Name;  
 Whilst Heav'ns applauding Saints combine  
 To mix with Mortals, when  
 They with united Voices join  
 The general *Amen*.

**SOLILOQUY ; or PARAPHRASE**

**O N T H E**

**C R E E D.**

**I** Am not doom'd to roam forlorn,

Or seek my Rest abroad,

Being an Heir of Glory born\*

Whilst I believe in God

To whom I freely may repair

In each retir'd Distress,

Upon him cast my every Care,

He'll all my Wants redress:

The Father, not of Christ alone

His uncreated Son,

Co-partner of th' eternal Throne

Before all Worlds begun:

But

None

\* The New Birth, or Spiritual Re-generation.



But he to me did Breath convey,

And fabricate my Frame :  
Out of wild Chaos brought my Clay,

And made me what I am.

Of Reason and each earthly Good,

Thro' him I am posses'd ;

Hunger, in Dread, may leave her Food ;

The Suckling at her Breast,

Forfake the unnat'ral Mother might,

But God's paternal Thought

Will ne'er forget, nor even slight,

The Work his Hands have wrought,

With Confidence his Power I'll trust

Beyond the gloomy Grave,

Who'll keep my Bones, preserve my Dust,

Almighty is to save :

Nothing's too hard for the Supreme,

Who gave Creation Birth,

The Pow'rs of Hell bow down to him

Maker of Heaven and Earth.

None help'd (to lay this wond'rous Plan)

The Architect divine;

He form'd the Angels, call'd forth Man,

And caus'd the Sun to shine

By Day, at Eve bid Luna rise

T' illumine from Pole to Pole;

Spread the Circumference of the Skies

And beautify'd the Whole.

In orient Clouds, of various Hue,

Array'd the Morning's Light ;

With glitt'ring Stars on Æther blue

Diversify'd the Night.

The Earth, Beasts, Fishes, once were nought,

The limpid Stream that flows,

He will'd, and quick as instant Thought,

All into Being 'rose.

Instinct on Creatures of each kind

His Goodness did bestow,

To Man he gave a reasoning Mind,

And made him Lord below ;

Placing

Placing this Work, the most approv'd,

In Eden's Groves to dwell,

Lower than Angels, but belov'd

By him almost as well;

Such Power to Man he did convey,

Such absolute Commandy

That Bears and Wolves, those Beasts of Prey,

Crouch'd to their Master's Hand;

Each bore the Name he on it laid,

All own'd his Sovereign Power,

And Angels constant Visits paid

To Eden's blissful Bower.

Thus Man with heavenly Converse blest,

(From Fear and Dangers free)

Stood, 'till he pluck'd the fatal Fruit

From the forbidden Tree.

Thence tainted with a Crime so foul,

He fell a Pray to Care,

God's Image started from his Soul,

And left him Naked there.

Yet



Yet mercy even on that Day,

He broke the high Command;

Her healing Banners did display,

*And swift Redemption plan'd.*

Offended Justice cou'd survey

No Sacrifice but One,

*In Jesus Christ Remission lay,*

Who was *his only Son.*

What Pity then did him incline,

Who pour'd (for Sin t' atone)

A sacred Stream of Blood divine,

And made the Godhead groan.

Th' amazing Sound, 'mongst Angels high,

Thro' Heav'n's whole Concave ran,

That their eternal Prince wou'd die

T' expunge the Guilt of Man.

Thro' Bondage, Pilgrimage, and Thrall,

(Cloth'd in our Mortal Clay)

To every true believing Soul

Eternal Life convey.

R

Then

Then can I doubt that perfect Love,

Which laid by Glory's Crown,

Awhile forfook the Courts above,

And brought Salvation down,

To Men his Kindness wont abate,

Whilst we our Off'rings bring

To our prevailing Advocate,

Prophet, High Priest, and King ;

*Who was conceived in the Womb,*

(Propitiation meet

For Sin) t' avert our rigid Doom,

And Satan's Snares defeat.

He *by the Holy Ghost* was wrought,

*Born of the Virgin* bright,

Pure *Mary*, free from Stain or Spot,

In Heav'n's approving Sight.

Hence, Glory broke on Human Kind,

Its Nature to refine,

By this mysterious Act conjoin'd,

And blended with Divine ;

Form'd

Form'd of the tenderest Texture sure,  
 With Feelings nicely keen,  
 All Human Woes he came t' endure,  
 Yet was exempt from Sin:  
 With Sorrows press'd, and free from Fault,  
 No Guile distain'd his Tongue,  
 His lab'ring Mind and constant Thought  
 On Man's Salvation hung;  
*He suffered*, this to bring to pass,  
 To be despis'd, condemn'd,  
 And, *under Pontius Pilate*, was  
 Convicted and condemn'd;  
 By cruel Men that Blood was sought,  
 Which is our Fountain Head,  
 To Cal'ry's Mount our Lord was brought,  
 As Beasts to Slaughter led;  
 To make his Embassage compleat,  
 There *He was crucified*,  
 Rough Nails pierc'd thro' his Hands and Feet,  
 A Spear his tortur'd Side !



Yet then, for those who plann'd his Death,  
 Earnest with Heav'n he strove,  
 His Bosom to his latest Breath  
 O'erflow'd with pardoning Love;  
 Th' repentant Criminal he cheers,  
 " Sinner this Day with me,  
 " Dispell thy Doubts, dismiss thy Fears,  
 " In Glory thou shalt be !"  
 My Soul no other Hope shall know,  
 No other Help my need,  
 Than him from whom such Acts did flow,  
 As prov'd him God indeed.  
 Those Thorns which his mild Temples tore,  
 That excruciating Pain,  
 Those rending Agonies he bore,  
 Nought Mortal could sustain;  
 Yet no Revenge did he require,  
 But universal Love,  
 With soft Compassion did inspire,  
 And wing'd his Prayer above :

Receiving

Receiving Vinegar and Gall  
 From the invet'rate Crew,  
 " 'Tis finish'd, Lord, forgive them all,  
 " They know not what they do !"  
 Tho' they reviled, scoff'd, and sneer'd,  
 Nought the meek Lamb reply'd,  
 'Till the fix'd Hour he persevered,  
 Then bow'd his Head and died.  
 Dead was the Lord of Life and Peace,  
 Who gives Heav'n's Sons their Birth,  
 Sudden the Course of Nature ceas'd,  
 Convulsions shook the Earth ;  
 Rent was the Temple's Veil on high,  
 Terror on Mortals hurl'd,  
 Tremendous Clouds of darkest Dye  
 Enwrap'd the tott'ring World !  
 Earth's inmost Bowels were disclos'd,  
 The Graves expanded wide ;  
 The Bodies of the Saints arose,  
 Fear fell on every Side.

Smiting

Smiting their Breasts, th' astonish'd Croud

In wild Confusion ran,

And Jesus Christ proclaim'd aloud

To be both God and Man!

O sweet Reflection! soothing Sound

The Lord gave up his Breath,

T' embalm the Mansions under Ground,

And gild the Vale of Death!

*And Buried* was, Mankind to free

From dread Corruption's spell,

From which, to raise our Bodies, *He*

*Descended into Hell.*

That Pardon all the Sons of Men,

And second Life might have,

*On the third Day he rose again,*

And triumph'd o'er the Grave.

The meanest Member shall partake

This with their living Head,

Death's Fetters break, Earth's Womb forsake,

*Triumphant from the Dead,*

Return,



Return, t' receive the bright Reward,  
 Which shall to each be giv'n,  
 Who all forfook, obey'd the Lord,  
 And trod the Path to Heav'n :  
 When he ascended, who such Deeds  
 Of Grace and Peace had wrought,  
 That Transport of Delight exceeds  
 All reach of Human Thought,  
 Which by Saint, Angel, Cherubim,  
 And Seraphim was shown,  
 To greet their great all-conquering King,  
 Returning to his Throne ;  
 Who, at his Chariot - Wheels, had led  
 Captivity enslav'd,  
 Terror and Shame o'er Belial spread,  
 And helpless Mortals sav'd  
 From Beelzebub's devouring Sway,  
 Within whose dark Domains,  
 His Range he bound, confirm'd his Stay,  
 And riveted his Chains.

Hence

Hence all who on his Name rely,  
 Shall, when Life's Struggles end,  
 Th' infernal Pow'rs combin'd defy,  
 And where he is ascend.  
*He sitteth now, in glorious State,*  
*At the right Hand of God,*  
 Having resum'd his native Seat,  
 And primitive Abode ;  
 The Veil wherein he hid below  
 His Majesty, thrown by ;  
 Forth from his Presence Pleasures flow,  
 Thro' all the Bless'd on high ;  
 Where he such Mansions does provide,  
 Such radiant Robes prepare,  
 For those who in his Faith abide,  
 As dimms all Human Glare :  
 Still with *the Father*, instant he  
 Does for us interceed,  
*Almighty Mercy sets us free,*  
 And we are free indeed.

Hence

No

No Boon's too great to be desired,

Too precious to be given,

Sought thro' so constant, kind, untir'd,

And pow'rful Friend in Heav'n.

Then Fears, Distrust, and Doubting hence,

No more my Soul annoy ;

For Jesus is my Confidence,

Present and future Joy.

Strong-hold, which I'll not quit, but trust

His Promise firm and sure ;

Then, when my Frame returns to Dust,

He'll keep my Soul secure.

Our frail Complaints he deigns to hear

'Midst Sounds of Seraphs bright,

And stoops t' accept the fervent Prayer

From Heav'n's transcendent Height.

*From thence he shall come forth in State*

With flowing Garments red,

Whilst glorious Angels round him wait

*To judge the Quick and Dead.*

Isaiah 60

S

I shall



I shall behold him on the Throne,  
 To portion out my Lot,  
 Who did for all my Sins atone,  
 And wash'd out ev'ry Spot.  
 Alone, exalted, in that Hour,  
 Will be the Saviour mild ;  
 Who o'er my Crimes his Blood did pour,  
 And Justice reconcil'd.  
 Me, whom he ransom'd, He'll receive,  
 Amongst the Heav'nly Host,  
 Because, unwavering, *I believe*  
 Firm in the Holy Ghost ;  
 The Lord, and Counsellor divine,  
 The Comforter, whereby,  
 Whilst in our Souls his Presence shine,  
 We, " Abba Father," cry.  
 Infusion breath'd from Sion's Hill,  
 To guide our Steps aright,  
 Incline to Good, restrain from Ill,  
 And point to Realms of Light.

Celestial Inmate still draw near,  
 Preside o'er all my Heart;  
 Govern each secret Movement there,  
 Nor e'en thy Charge desert.  
 Kindled by thine enliv'ning Rays,  
 Thy animating Fires;  
 The Embers of Devotion blaze,  
 And ev'ry Thought aspires.  
 Unless thy Fellowship divine,  
 The Heart of Man shou'd taste,  
 The Soul would droop, despond, and pine,  
 A Desert Barren waste.  
 Wanting thy Unison likewise,  
 Imperfect e'en would be,  
 The Deity o'er Earth and Skies,  
 The self-existent Three.  
 Source of those high and ample Tow'rs,  
 Structure which cannot fail;  
 And 'gainst which all the daring Pow'rs  
 Of Hell shall not prevail.

*The Holy Catholic Church*, sublime,  
 Planted by sovereign Love,  
 To waft each Member safe thro' Time,  
 To join the Head above ;  
 O'er which, the Sun of Righteousness,  
 With pure resplendant Light,  
 Rises those Errors to dismiss,  
 That cloud our mortal Sight ;  
 Throughout which, to Earth's utmost Bounds,  
 The humble fervent Prayer  
 United, in one Concord sounds,  
 And strikes the Saviour's Ear ;  
 Who all the humble Zeal and Love,  
 Prayers, Praises, and Complaints,  
 Which rise from *the Communion of*  
 His persevering *Saints*,  
 Bears to the general God of all,  
 Who kindly does accord,  
 T' attend the Suit of Great and Small,  
 Made thro' their Common Lord.



No Terrors can that Faith dismay

Which doth on him rely,

He *the Forgiveness* will convey

Of *Sins* of deepest Dye.

Their Reign despotick dispossess,

Their Furrows clean erase,

Thro' his imputed Righteousness

And all sufficient Grace :

Which to the natural Heart renew,

Does in large Currents flow,

And washes Crimes of Crimson Hue

As white as new fall'n Snow :

So as the Poles remotely stand,

And Earth's stretch'd Bound'ries keep,

Between lie countless Tracts of Land,

And the unfathom'd Deep ;

Where the whole World of Waters wide,

In Swelling Surges roll ;

So far shall he all Guilt divide,

And sep'rate from my Soul,

In

In the great Resurrection Hour,

When all beneath the Skies,

With ev'ry former active Pow'r

Shall of the Body rise.

Earth, Sea, and Flame, at once return,

All faithful to their Trust,

The latent Pray, the long-held Urn,

And ev'ry scatter'd Dust,

Then rais'd to Glory, ever new,

All Clouds of Frailty-flown,

We Face to Face the Lord shall view,

And know as we are known.

Who brought us thro' Time's boist'rous Main,

Safe to that peaceful Shore,

Where Persecution, Sicknefs, Pain,

And Death, shall be no more.

There join'd to the harmonious Throng,

Which chant incessant Praise,

And still renew the grateful Song

In soft responsive Lays.

In those extatic Regions plac'd,  
 Where clust'ring Raptures grow,  
 The Pleasures *and the Life* to taste,  
 Angels and Seraphs know.  
 Subject to neither End nor Change,  
 Our Joys shall know no Bound;  
 Whilst in Eternity we range,  
 An everlasting Round,  
 Life everlasting? O! my Soul,  
 Thy ev'ry Pow'r extend,  
 Of this unmeasurable Whole,  
 The Sound to comprehend,  
 Say when Ten Thousand Years of Joy  
 Have run their circ'ling Round;  
 Will that thy Term of Bliss annoy?  
 Or its Duration wound;  
 Or when thereon whole Ages roll,  
 And in Progression stand  
 Num'rous as Stars from Pole to Pole,  
 And countless as the Sand

PARAPHRASE

Which



Which loads the Margin of the Sea,  
 Increasing still to View?  
 E'en so,—and much more endless they  
 Their Courses shall renew.  
 Fuition here shall never cloy  
 The Strength, nor Pow'rs abate  
 Those springing Pleasure to enjoy  
 Which ne'er shall terminate,  
 Whilst each delighted Tongue & adore  
 In Shouts of Praise, accord  
 The King who reigns for ever more,  
*Amen*, so be it Lord.

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE  
ON THE  
TEN COMMANDMENTS.

---

**R**ESPLENDENT Rays of daz'ling Light

Forth from its Fountain broke,  
Upon th' astonish'd Patriarch's Sight,  
When God to Mortal spoke;

T

Who

Who to Mount Sinai's Top, the Place  
 Directed, did ascend,  
 Saw the Almighty Face to Face,  
 And talk'd as Friend to Friend.  
 Tho' Light'nings flash'd, and Thunders loud  
 Convuls'd the quakeing Ground,  
 Moses approach'd the smokeing Cloud,  
 Whilst Israel trembled round.  
 With the shrill Trumpet's Sacred Sound,  
 Jehovah then began,  
 In glorious Pomp, to usher down  
 His perfect Law to Man.  
 " I am the Lord, who rescu'd Thee  
 From Pharoah's cruel Hand,  
 Thy God, who set from Bondage free,  
 And out of Egypt's Land  
 Thee brought, with Liberty to bless,  
 My Name henceforth avow ;  
 I.  
 No other Gods but Me confess ;  
 Unto no other bow.

No



## II.

No graven Images shall share  
 Thy Worship, Fear, or Love,  
 Like aught that in the Waters are,  
 In Earth, or Heav'n above.

Nor vain Idolatry debase  
 Thy Soul, nor cloud thy Sight;  
 Nor Gods, inferior, in my Place,  
 Thy Services invite.

For of mine Honour, jealous I  
 The Lord thy God am grown;  
 The Father's daring Sins shall lye  
 Upon the Children down.

Thro' distant Ages them pursue,  
 That hate my Laws and Name;  
 Whilst Mercy I to Thousands shew,  
 Who love and keep the same.

## III.

From impious use, profane and bold,  
 Of God's high Name refrain;  
 Thy Lord will not him guiltless hold  
 Who taketh it in vain.

## IV.

The Seventh's th' Sabbath Day, therein

For endless Rest prepare,

Diveſt thee of each darling Sin,

And every worldly Care.

Be cleans'd from all polluted Spots ;

In ſecret and abroad,

Speak not thy Words, nor think thy Thoughts,

But do the Work of God.

Six Days, thy Labours to purſue,

The Lord thy God allows ;

The Seventh, the Sacrifice renew

Of thine unfeigned Vows.

Whereon by thou, thy Servants, Kine,

Thy Stranger, Daughter, Son,

And all within the Gates of thine,

No Labour ſhall be done.

For why ? The Lord made in fix Days

The ſpacious Heav'ns and Earth,

Sun, Moon, and Stars, gather'd the Seas,

And gave all Creatures Birth :

Their

Their Stations fix'd, plac'd Night and Day

In their alternate Rounds,

And caus'd the fluctuating Sea

To know her settled Bounds.

The Seventh Day, the Lord did rest,

And gave his Labours o'er;

To all Mankind this Season blest'd,

And hallow'd ever more.

V.

Unto thy Parents Honour due,

And filial Reverence pay,

Their Precepts mind, their Rules pursue,

And their Commands obey.

So shall thy Days unclouded stand,

Exempt from Blame, and be

Of long Duration in the Land,

Thy God doth give to thee.

VI.

Another's Life thou shalt not seek,

Nor wish his Days decrease;

Nor by injurious Treatment break,

Nor wound thy Neighbour's peace.

From



VII.

From ev'ry lewd lascivious Thought  
 Back let thy Mind recede ;  
 And keep thy Soul from the foul Spot  
 Of an Adult'rous Deed.

VIII.

What is another's Property  
 Steal not, nor yet destroy ;  
 With Peace, all that's bestow'd on thee,  
 And Gratitude, enjoy.

IX.

Forth from thy Lips no Evidence  
 Unjust, nor false shall flow,  
 Tho' to revenge the worst Offence  
 Of thy most deadly Foe.

X.

What e'er thy Neighbour doth possess,  
 House, Servants, Wife, or Kine,  
 Let not thy secret Thoughts confess  
 A Wish, aught's his were thine."

This

Thus we receiv'd Heav'n's great Command,

To th' Patriarch's Care alone

Committed, wrought by God's own Hand

Upon the yielding Stone ;

Which, to the Holy Impress true,

The Sacred Stamp retains,

And holds a Role to Mortals' View

Which Life and Death explains.

But who amongst the Human Race,

Since Time its Course begun,

Cou'd stand before God's awful Face,

And say, " All this I've done." ?

By Nature all imperfect we,

And numerous are our Faults ;

Great Lord ! in mercy set us free,

And cleanse our secret Thoughts.

To thee our inmost Hearts are bare,

And known is each Desire ;

O ! breathe thy holy Spirit there,

And perfect Love inspire.

To

To thee and thy Commands divine,  
 That Path which leads on high,  
 Where never-ceasing Joys combine,  
 Which Time and Change defy :  
 Obtain'd by Christ, the Prince of Peace,  
 Thro' Nature's weary Strife,  
 To crown our Fruit to Holiness  
 With everlasting Life.



O N  
T E D E U M.

W ITH Praise we here approach thy Throne,

And joyfully accord

T' acknowledge Thee, O God, alone

The everlasting Lord;

Father whom all the Earth doth serve,

Heav'n Powers, all Angels high,

With Cherubin and Seraphim,

Unceasing magnify;

U

Crying,

Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord  
 Of Sabaoth, God and King,  
 And the extended Earth abroad  
 Doth with Hosannas ring :  
 Thro' which the faithful Saints declare  
 The Glories of thy Name,  
 And the wing'd Warblers of the Air  
 Re-echo back thy Fame.  
 Those Mansions where blest Spirits dwell,  
 With Shouts of Praise resound,  
 And all the Tribes conspire to swell  
 The glad Majestic Sound.  
 The Apostles' glorious Company,  
 And holy Prophets join,  
 T' attune their grateful Notes to Thee  
 In Melody divine.  
 Likewise the noble Army there,  
 Who all thy Foes withstood,  
 Did Martyrdom undaunted bear,  
 And seal'd their Faith with Blood.

The

The holy Church throughout the Earth,  
 Thy Glory doth proclaim,  
 Infinite Father, who gave Birth  
 To Majesty supreme.

From Sin's fell Curse, to set us free,  
 Thou gav'st, and didst not spare  
 This, of thy Truth and Verity,  
 Hereditary Heir.

We do the Holy Ghost confess,  
 The Comforter benign ;  
 Who from the Soul all Doubts doth chase  
 With Influence divine.

From Thee, O Christ ! what Blessings spring,  
 What Wonders hast thou done,  
 Of all thy Father's Glory King,  
 His everlasting Son.

When Man incur'd eternal Pain  
 Of Sin, the certain Doom  
 To free him, thou didst not disdain  
 The humble Virgin's Womb,



Death's sharpest Pangs thou didst abide,  
 Its poignant Sting withdrew,  
 Then open to Believers wide  
 The Gates of Heav'n didst throw.  
 Encompass'd in his Glory bright,  
 At the right Hand of God  
 Thou fittest, cloath'd with dazzling Light,  
 And Angels wait thy Nod.  
 Attended by that radiant Train,  
 Thy Kingdom to complete ;  
 We know that thou shalt come again,  
 And fill the Judgment Seat.  
 Humbly we at thy Footstool bend,  
 Behold us Lord, we pray ;  
 Thy Pity to our Souls extend ;  
 Turn not thine Ears away.  
 Thy Servants help, redeeming Blood  
 As purifying Rain  
 Dispense, nor let that precious Flood  
 Be pour'd for them in vain :



But

But in the Number of thy Saints,  
 Lord, let their Names be found;  
 Where Pleasure banishes Complaints,  
 And endless Joys abound.  
 Save all thy People who alone  
 Repose their Trust in Thee;  
 And bless thine Heritage, who own  
 No other Gods but Thee,  
 Govern, and by thy Spirit draw,  
 And guide them with thine Eye,  
 And lift them up from every Foe,  
 And every Danger nigh,  
 For ever ; whilst from Day to Day  
 Thy Praises we'll resound,  
 And never-ending Worship pay  
 Thro' Space which knows no Bound.  
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us clear  
 This Day from Sin's Controul ;  
 Let thy blest Inspiration chear,  
 And renovate each Soul.

Abforpt our Faults in Love divine,  
 From Bondage fet us free,  
 And let thy Mercy o'er us shine  
 E'en as we trust in Thee.

O Lord I trust alone in Thee,  
 On Thee my Hope is stay'd;  
 Draw near, and let me never be  
 Confounded nor Dismay'd.



T H O U G H T S  
ON THE CERTAINTY OF  
A FUTURE STATE.

ADDRESSED TO  
A FREE THINKER.

---

T HOSE who no future Hope nor Fear confess,  
No Hell to punish, and no Heav'n to bless,  
Self-confident and daring stand aloof,  
Avoid Instruction, and despise Reproof;  
Each solemn Bond of Christian Faith explode,  
Renounce their Saviour, and abjure their God;  
Audaciously his awful Name invoke,  
And turn the sacred Records to a Joke;

Which

Which they peruse to aid their vain Discourse,  
 And wrist, to give their impious Reas'nings Force,  
 By wantonly inverting its Design,  
 And contradicting all it does injoin :  
 Term it a Subject, emptier than the Wind,  
 A Bugbear suited to the tim'rous Mind ;  
 Fit only for th' enthusiastic Ear,  
 What none but such shou'd condescend to hear :  
 Not those who nobly on themselves rely,  
 T' Day to Revel, and To-morrow Die ;  
 Quitting their Prospects when Life's Frolick's o'er,  
 For when they're laid in Dust they'll rise no more.  
 Tenets like those, deluded Wretch ! are thine,  
 Sworn Foe to all that's Holy and Divine ;  
 Proficient in the Atheistic School,  
 Opposer strong of every Christian Rule ;  
 Slave to the Caprice of a vicious Mind,  
 Which Reason does not sway, nor Honour bind :  
 T' Oppression eager, to strict Justice slow ;  
 Fallshoods from thee in constant Currents flow.  
 For

For why ? The present Hour being all thy Care,  
 Thou think'st alike of Perjury and Pray'r.  
 To what Extremes may not that Heart incline,  
 Uncurb'd by Laws, or moral or divine ;  
 (E'en plain Morality thou scorn'st, for fear  
 It shou'd too much the Garb of Virtue wear)  
 When an Hereafter's banish'd from the Soul,  
 And it breaks loose from Virtue's mild Controul.  
 Passion and Pride usurp the vacant Seat,  
 Malignant Envy, and vindictive Heat :  
 What Mischiefs may such Principles devise ?  
 From thence what Ills to Church and State arise ?  
 If Means present to make a People groan,  
 And Monarch sit unsafe upon his Throne,  
 Void of the Fear of God, nought wou'd them stay,  
 When Lusts excite, and Interest gilds their Way.  
 Allegiance due can't to a King be giv'n  
 By those who brave the Majesty of Heav'n,  
 And breaks each Human Tie, and prudent Plan,  
 Form'd to Cement, and Rivet Man to Man :



But whilst from Crime to Crime you rapid go,  
 And Head-long rush to everlasting Woe ;  
 Sunk in Intemperance, deep immers'd in Sin,  
 Is there no Fear ? no secret Check within ?  
 Does Conscience never exercise her Pow'rs,  
 And thunder loudly in thy Midnight Hours ?  
 Or dost thou bravely still her Force repress ?  
 And stifle in Debauch'ry and Excess,  
 That envious Guest, which fain wou'd intervene,  
 To interrupt the present Halcyon Scene ?  
 That Treasury where thou hoardest all thy Blifs ;  
 Trusting to know no other World than this :  
 Mistaken Soul ! back from the Brink of Hell  
 Retreat ! reflect 'gainst whom thou dost rebell !  
 Cast round thine Eyes, above, below, abroad,  
 Nature itself will guide thee to a God ;  
 Whose plenteous Fountain open'd wide for Sin,  
 And spotted Lepers bid to plunge therein.  
 He by his omnipotent Self hath sworn,  
 T' accept the Sinner when he will return.

Then

Then Pardon humbly sue, Mercy implore,  
 Before the swift-wing'd Day of Grace is o'er :  
 For sure as thou survey'st the spacious Earth,  
 Sure as a *Something* gave Creation Birth,  
 Sure as the radiant Sun lights up the Morn,  
 And fainter Beams the milder Eye adorn,  
 Sure as one Season for the next makes way,  
 Or Day gives place to Night, and Night to Day,  
 So sure Eternity shall Time succeed,  
 And thou be call'd t' account for ev'ry Deed ;  
 Which, tho' envelop'd from the Sight of Man,  
 The omni-present Eye of Heav'n doth scan ;  
 Knows thy Essays, strict Justice to defeat,  
 Thy Balance false, and all thy Weights deceit.  
 He sees thee wallowing on th' adulterous Bed,  
 Whilst Darkness shadows thy irreverent Head  
 From Human Eyes, thence does thy Steps survey,  
 And read'st thy Thoughts when musing, to betray  
 Thy base Attempts, to injure and undoe,  
 And Perfidies are open to his View :

Who hears thee falsely brand thy Neighbour's Name,  
 Traduce e'en Angels, and the Saints defame;  
 Swift to their Goal thy fleeting Days do run,  
 And quickly will thy Thread of Life be spun.  
 That Frame shall sleep in Death's encircling Arms,  
 And the gay World be lost with all her Charms;  
 Yet thy immortal Soul no Sleep shall know,  
 But wake and gaze, whether it wou'd or no.  
 Then shalt thou see, unveil'd, those Heav'nly Bow'rs,  
 Its numerous Hosts, and all th' Angelic Pow'rs;  
 Which to support thy wild ludicrous Theme,  
 Thou now declar'ft to be a Dotard's Dream,  
 Or Fancy, which the tasteless Soul pursues,  
 And Gowns-Men urge for mercenary Views.  
 Thou also shalt behold a yawning Hell,  
 Where Devils and infernal Spirits dwell;  
 And wretched Souls howl in Despair and Grief,  
 For Life and Death shut up in Unbelief:  
 No middle State appears 'twixt Bliss and Pain;  
 In one of those thy Lot is to remain



For ever ! O what agonizing Smart !  
 What Terrors will assail thy trembling Heart ?  
 And Storms of Heav'n's vindictive Thunder roll  
 Across thine heretofore unshaken Soul.  
 If thou shou'd'st die in unremitted Sin,  
 The God thou trod'st on, will not take thee in ;  
 That Saviour who so oft, now in the Flesh,  
 Thy bold Offences crucify afresh,  
 Will then withhold his purifying Blood,  
 And from thy Soul, restrain the Crimson Flood.  
 Now with extended Arms, he waits for Thee,  
 Crying, Return ! why persecut'st thou Me ?  
 Repentance to no future Time postpone ;  
 For while you hesitate, the Hour comes on :  
 Death, as a Thief, when Slumbers bind the Guard,  
 Steals on the obstinately Unprepar'd.  
 Then all Attempts will be in Vain to save  
 Thy Soul ; there's no Repentance in the Grave :  
 Hasten then thyself to God to reconcile,  
 Leave off to do so wickedly and vile ;

For

For Injuries to Heav'n and Man, restore,  
 And with high Hand transgress again no more :  
 Then thou in Peace shalt close thy mortal Eyes,  
 And meet Eternity without Surprize.



**F I N I S.**

## ERRATA.

Page 11, Line 11,—*For resign'd, read resign'dst.*

- |      |   |
|------|---|
| 12,  | 14,— <i>For No, read To.</i>                    |
| 27,  | 19,— <i>For gloomy, read serious.</i>           |
| 33,  | 11,— <i>For hopes, read hope.</i>               |
| 35,  | 1,— <i>For joys, read joy.</i>                  |
| 89,  | 14,— <i>For tho' read thro'.</i>                |
| —    | 15,— <i>For restrains us, read restrain us.</i> |
| 105, | 4,— <i>For e'en, read e'er.</i>                 |
| —    | 18,— <i>For Structure, read Structures.</i>     |
| 119  | 5,— <i>For Fuition, read Fruition.</i>          |
| —    | 7,— <i>For Pleasure, read Pleasures.</i>        |
| 119  | 7,— <i>For With, read Whom.</i>                 |
| 122  | 2,— <i>For withdrew, read withdraw.</i>         |
| 124  | 1,— <i>For absorpt, read absorb.</i>            |



# E. R. A. T. A.

Page 11, line 12.—For reign'd, read reign'd.

12.	12.	12.—For No, read To.
13.	13.	13.—For gloomy, read gloom.
14.	14.	14.—For hopes, read hope.
15.	15.	15.—For joy.
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